Iacobus Shirlæus:

G Phenik pinx: R. Gaywood fecit 1678

Iacobus Shirlæus:

G Phenik pinx: R. Gaywood fecit 1678

HONORIA AND MAMMON.

Written by *James Shirly* Gent.

SCENE METROPOLIS, OR *NEW-TROY.*

Whereunto is added the Contention of *Ajax* and *Ulisses*, for the Armour of *Achilles*.

As it was represented by young Gentlemen of quality at a private entertainment of some Persons of Honour.

LONDON,
Printed for *John Crook*, and are to be sold at his shop at the signe of the Ship in S. *Pauls* Church yard, 1659.

14483.39.55*

HARVARD COLLEGE
DEC 26 1922

Gift of
Frank E. Chase

TO THE CANDID READER.

A Small part of this Subject, many years ſince had drop'd from my pen: But looking at ſome opportunities upon the Argument, I thought ſome things more conſiderable might be deduced; and applying my ſelf further, at times of receſs, I felt it grow and multiply under my imagination: Nor left I it then (the matter being ſo pregnant in it ſelf) till I form'd it into ſuch limbs and proportions as you now ſee it. Modeſty after this, invited me to cover it, and to cut off many impertinences, and purge ſome humour, that ſate, I confeſs, unhandſomely upon it.

To the Reader.

What is now preſented, I hope will appear a genuine and unforc'd Moral, which though dreſt in Drammatique Ornament, may not diſpleaſe, in the reading, perſons of ingenuity, ſuch whoſe nature is not to create prejudice, where they intend a recreation. And in the confidence of that, I do not repent the ſuperſtructures I have made, my pains, nor expences that have attended to bring it to this. It is now publique to ſatisfie the importunity of friends, I will onely adde, it is like to be the laſt, for in my reſolve, nothing of this nature ſhall after this, engage either my pen or invention.

The reaſon why I make no particular Dedication to any Friend, is, becauſe I aim my general reſpect to all, whoſe favours and civilities have oblig'd me. At this none will be offended, where

none

none hath the precedence: And to conclude with the most serious truth, I know not any, that love me so little, whom the payment of my so mean addresses would satisfie, as to clear me upon the account of his friendship. Let this suffice at present from him, that is

Your Servant,

JAMES SHIRLEY.

Persons.

Conquest a Colonel, } Lovers of Lady
Alworth a Scholar, } *Honoria.*
Alamode a Courtier, }

Fulbank a Citizen, } Sutors to Lady
Maslin a Countreyman, } *Mammon.*

Travers a Lawyer, servant to *Mammon* and *Honoria.*

Squanderbag.

Phantasm, Gentleman-usher to La. *Mam.*

Dash the Lawyers Clark.

A Captain.

A Serjeant.

Souldiers.

Countreymen.

Honoria.

Mammon.

Scene *Metropolis.*

HONORIA AND MAMMON

ACT. I.

Enter *Alworth* and *Phantasm*.

Alw.

IS not far off, 'Ile aske this Gentleman.
Can you instruct me, sir, where the great
Lady *Aurelia Mammon* lives?

Pha. Yes sir, I can.

Alw. Pray do me the civility,

Pha. Have you
Affaires with her, my friend in black?

Alw. Have you
Relation to the Lady, Sir?

Pha. She ownes me
A Gentleman-uſher, with your pardon Sir,
Are not you inclining to a Scholar?
Alw. I have ſpent time i'th Academy.
Pha. The Academy?
Another beggar,
I did think ſo by your ſerious face, your habit
Had almoſt coſened me, and your hair, they are
Of the more Court edition, this is
A beggar of the upper forme of Learning,
Your buſineſs with my Lady,
Alw. If you pleaſe
To prepare my acceſs----
Pha. 'Tis to no purpoſe,
My Lady keeps no Library, no food
For booke-worms, I can aſſure you that,
Learning is dangerous in our Family,
She wo'not keep a Secretary for fear
Of the infection.
Alw. Does ſhe keep no foole?
Pha. Yes, yes, and knaves;
Alw. I thought ſo,
In which claſſe is your name, I beſeech you?
Pha. We enjoy equal priviledges, indeed the knave
Makes ſomewhat more on's office, but my Lady
Is not ſo nice, ſo we can bring Certificates
That we are ſound, and free from the infection
Of book's, or can lay down our underſtandings,
And part with that unneceſſary ſtuffing
I'th head, (you know my meaning) or renounce
The impious uſe of humane art and knowledge,
We are in a capacity of imployment;
Perhaps you may, on theſe terms be admitted

With

With your Philoſophy, and things about you,
To keep her horſe, de'e obſerve?

Alw. A faire preferment!

Pha. The fitteſt here for men of art, or if
You can keep counſell and negotiate handſomely
The amorous affair of fleſh and blood;
(There you may exerciſe your parts of Rhetorique.)
How lies your learning that way? 'tis an office
Many grave perſons have ſubmitted to,
And found it a ſmooth path to court preferment,
But ſhe is here, I'le leave you to your fortune.

Enter Aurelia Mammon.

Mam. With me, your buſineſs?

Alw. The Lady *Honoria*, Madam, by me humbly
Preſents her ſervice, and this paper to
Your Ladyſhip.

Mam. The Lady *Honour*? 'tis
Some borrowing letter.

Alw. This is not civill.

Mam. I am ſo haunted with this mendicant
Nobility at every ebbe of fortune,
I muſt be troubled with Epiſtles from e'm.
What's here? ----- you are a Scholar.

Alw. I have ſtudied the artes,

Mam. Your Lady writes as much, and would commend you
To my inployment, but I want no Chaplain.

Alw. If you did, I cannot flatter, Madam.

Mam. I have known wiſer men converted by
Preferment.

Alw. They were things that had no Soules,

Or uſe of that bright Entelecheia
Which ſeparates them from beaſts.
Mam. I did expect
Hard words, and do commend the pure diſcretion
Of your moſt learned tribe, that think themſelves
Brave fellowes, when they talk Greeke to a Lady;
Next to the *Goth* and *Vandall*, you ſhall carry
The bable from Mankind, pray tell your Lady,
Learning is out of faſhion in my Family,
Alw. Why ſhould you be an Enemy to Arts?
The Lamps we waſt, and watches, that conſume
Our ſtrength in noble ſtudies, are ill paid
With this diſdain, your ſmile would make us happy,
And with your golden beame ſtrike new day
Through learnings univerſe.
Mam. You but looſe your time,
I know you are writing ſome prodigious volume
In praiſe of hunger, and immortall beggery.
This may in time advance you to a Pedant,
To whip the Town-top's, or gelded Vicaridge,
Some forty Markes *per annum*, and a Chamber-maid
Commended by your Patron.
Alw. Y'are not worth
My anger, I ſhould elſe ----
Mam. What my ſweet Satyre?
Alw. Preſent your Ladyſhip with a glaſſe, a true one,
Should turne you wild to ſee your owne deformity.
Mam. I prethee raile, now for a ſtorme ----
Alw. I wo'not looſe my temper on ſuch a trifle.
Exit.

Enter

Enter Fulbanke and Maſlin.

Mam. But here are two come timely, to diſperſe
All clowdy thoughts, my diligent daily waiters.
Ful. Now Poetry be my ſpeed! my nobleſt miſtriſs.
Mam. What have you there, dear Mr. *Fulbanke*?
Ful. Lines, that are prou'd to expreſs your beauty, Madam.
Mam. Bleſs me! turn'd Poet? I muſt tell you Servant,
Nothing in nature is more killing to me.
Ful. Umh! I ſee my Lady *Mammon* is no wit.
Do'e think I made e'm? I have an Eſtate, Madam.
Mam. I know you have fin'd for Alderman.
Ful. They were a fooliſh Scholars o'the Town,
And I made my addreſs to be confirm'd
In your opinion, they were wretched things,
And like the ſtarv'd compoſer. The nine Muſes
I have read, Madam, in a Learned Author,
Were but a knot of travailing, tawny gipſies
That liv'd by country canting, and old Songs,
And picking wormes out of fooles fingers, which
Was palmiſtry forſooth, and for *Apollo*
Whom they call'd Father, a poor ſilly Piper,
That kep't a thatch'd houſe upon Cuckolds Hill,
Not far from *Helicon*, or old *Bride-well*,
Where he ſold ſwitches, till his hut was burn'd
One night by a tinkers noſe, that lay in ſtraw there;
And he, for loſſe of this poor tenement,
Ran mad, from whence came all the mighty ſtir,
Of that, which we now call Poetick fury.
Mam. 'Tis very likely.

Maſ. Madam, be your leave,
I am a country-man, what ſhould a man lye for?
I ken no Colledge learning, but I have
Been whip'd for latin in my dayes, that have I;
And have heard talke of the Philoſophers ſtone;
Although I weare not velvet like his worſhip,
My heart's imbroyder'd with love, and I
Defie the man that thinkes me inſufficient
To do, whats fitting to be done between
You and I Madam, as the beſt what lack you
Finical-fartical-citt within the walls.

Ful. Take heed how you provoke me.

Maſ. I'le provoke any man living, in the way of Love.

Enter Phantaſme.

Mam. Did all the Ladies ſleep well?

Pha. Yes and their Monkeys Madam, and have all
Their ſeverall thanks, and ſervices remembred
To your Ladiſhip---but Madam-----

Exit Mam. and Phant.

Ful. She has left us.
I'le find a time to make you ſenſible-----

Maſ. Me ſenſible?
I defy thee.

Ful. Be not rampant, and thank Heaven
We are not arm'd.

Maſ. I ſcorne it.

Ful. Dar'ſt thou meet me?

Maſ. Yes, the next day after *Simon* and *Jude*
I dare, when all your liveries go a feaſting
By water with your gally foiſt and pot-guns,
And Canvas Whales to *Weſtminſter*; I am not

Affear'd

Affear'd of your green Robin-hoods, that fright
With fiery club your pitifull Spectators
That take pains to be ſtifled, and adore
The Wolves and Camels of your company.
Next whom the children ride, who innocent things,
What with the Gyants, and the Squibs and eating
Too many ſugar-plumms, take occaſion to
Perfume their Pageants, which your Senators
Ride after in full ſcent.

Ful. Thou horrid Lumpe
Of leather, courſe wooll, ignorance and husbandry,
Moſt pitifully compounded, thou that
Haſt liv'd ſo long a dunghill, till the weeds
Had over-grown thee, and but ten yards off,
Coſen'd a horſe that come to graze upon thee,
Thou miſerable thing, that wert begot
By the whole Town, thou dar'ſt call no man Father,
Found in a hedge, but bred up in a ſtable,
Wherewith the horſe thou did'ſt divide the bean's,
Dung like the beaſt, and wert as often curried.
Thus bred, at one and twenty thou wer't able
To write a legible Sheeps mark in tarre,
And read thy own capitall letter, like a gallows
In a Cows buttock.

Maſ. Suffer this?

Ful. And more:
Fortune conſpiring with thy own ill nature,
That durſt be damn'd for Money, made thee rich,
And then the Countreys curſes fatten'd thee,
Time, and thy ſordid ſins made thee at laſt
High-Conſtable, and now thou haſt the impudence---

Maſ. Thou lieſt.

Maſlin ſtrikes *Fulbank*

Enter Phantaſme with two Swords.

Pha. Fear not me Gentlemen, I am your friend,
A friend to both your honours; here, be noble
You have a juſt cauſe, and a gallant Miſtriſs
Perſons of your quality, to fight thus
For bloody noſes, too't like Gentlemen,
And draw blood handſomely, he that gets the victory
Shall ha my Lady, and a pardon, though
It coſt her half a Million, ſo I leave you.
Here will I ſtay, and obſerve both their valours.
Ful. We are betraid. *Obſcures*
Maſ. I do not like theſe tooles.
Ful. It is not for my credit to be kill'd,
If he have but the courage to advance,
I am no Merchant-taylor of this World,
And yet he lookes leſs rampant. Sirrah *Maſlin*...
Maſ. I were beſt deliver up my cold iron, here.
Ful. He does approach.
Maſ. And yet I wo'not. *Fulbanke*.
I am of thy opinion, we are both
Betraid; for my owne part, although I carry
No fleſh that feares a ſword; yet I do not
Affect to have devices put upon me.
Ful. Tis ſomething thou haſt ſaid; this may be a plot;
Some third man has projected by our ruines
To make his path ſmooth to my Lady *Mammon*;
And thus her Squire promotes it.
Maſ. A conſpiracy!
I read it in the raſcals face, too't quotha
Like Gentlemen? no, they ſha'not laugh at me.

And

And my Lady had a mind to ha my throat cut,
She ſhall excuſe me.
Ful. To my wiſhes! but
I am not ſatisfied,
We can without ſome blood come off with honour,
You know th'affront was mine, and though I wod not
Have my revenge writ in too deep a crimſon,
Yet ſomething muſt be done, it will be publick,
And we may ſtill be laugh'd at.
Maſ. Thou ſaiſt right,
Things cannot well be clear'd without ſome blood.
I have conſider'd, and you ſhall be ſatisfied,
Ful. So, I have made fine worke, the Bore will fight now.
Maſ. The credit of a wound will ſerve, thus then-----
Ful. Stay, I have a device will bring us both off.
Why may not we conſent to give each other
A careleſs wound in the leg, or arme, and ſo
March off with honour?
Maſ. This knack was in my very thoughts, 'tis Ex'lent.
Ful. But ſince I nam'd it firſt, 'tis my invention,
And I will ſtrike the firſt blow,
Maſ. hang't, I paſs not,
But gently then, a ſcratch ith arme, or hands
Enough, a ſmall thing does it, gently, oh!
Thou haſt cut of my Sword hand, this is fowle play,
I cannot hold my toole now.
Ful. But ſtoope to reach it,
I'l cut thy head off, Ith field we muſt
Uſe all advantages. This weapon's mine too.
Farewell, and ſay I have uſed thee honourably.

Enter

Enter Phantaſme.

Pha. Ha. ha. ha. are you hurt Sir?
I ſee the Alderman has outwitted you.
Let me ſee, ha? a ſcratch, a very ſcratch;
Beare up, there may be wayes to your revenge,
Leave not your applications to my Lady.
He counſells this, that will aſſiſt you ---- but
I ever thought your habit much beneath
The perſon that ſhould court ſo great a Lady.
It ſmells too much ot'h teame, I know y'are rich.
Aire, aire your gold, and make your body clinkant,
The reſt commit to fate, and me, conſult
Your Taylor.

Maſ. And my Chirurgeon; Sir I thanke you.

Pha. You do not know, how I am contriving for you.

Maſ. That very word has cur'd me. I'le about it.
Exit.

Pha. So, when ther's no other miſchief to be done,
Let them go on, and love my Lady *Mammon*;
I'le aſſiſt one, in hope the t'other may
Go hang himſelf, and then it will be hard
To judge, which of the two has the better fortune.
Exit.

Enter Honoria between Alamode and Collonell.

Ala. Bleſs me but with one ſmile, if you did know
With what devotion my Soul lookes on you,

How

How next to my Religion I have plac'd,
(If not above it,) your diviner beauty----
Hon. Your name is *Alamode*, a Courtier.
Aba. 'Tis ſweetned by *Honoria*'s breath,
Col. I have
No ſtock of perfum'd words to court you, Madam,
Can you affect a man? A ſouldier?
When I have march'd up to a breach, which look'd
Like Hell with all his ſulphurous flames about it;
My heart was fixt on honour, and I tooke
From gaping wounds the fleeting Soules about me
Into my owne, and fought with all their ſpirits;
The mangled bodies that I trod upon,
(For now the dead had buried all the Earth)
Gave me addition to Heaven where, in,
My ſtrong imagination I ſaw
Thee from thy Chariot dropping down a Garland.
Hon. You are a Colonel.
Col. I profeſs a ſouldier Madam.
Hon. It appears a bold one; art thou come *Alworth*.

Enter Alworth.

What ſaid the Lady *Mammon*?
Ala. One that has ſome relation to her perſon.
They call him *Alworth*, and I have obſerv'd
She lookes on him with favour above a Servant,
He has not the impudence to court his Lady
Hon. So peremptory? what a ſtrange monſter wealth is?
I have but made a tryall of her friendſhip,

And

And had no meaning thou ſhould'ſt leave me *Alworth*,
Depend upon my care, I know your parts;
And ſhall not be forgetfull of their merit.
But thou art come moſt ſeaſonable to relieve me.
Ala. I do not like their whiſpering.
Alw. If you pleaſe, Madam, to abſent your ſelf,
Leave me to the excuſe.
Hon. Do ſo, dear *Alworth*.
Alw. I am happy when you command me ſervice.
Hon. Be confident, I keep a ſilent regiſter of all,
And ſhall reward them.
Alw, Your own vertues guide you. *Exit Hon.*
Col. My Lady's gone.
Alw. But has commanded me to let you know
Her reſolution, ſhe hath found you both
Ambitious of honour, both deſerving,
And ſuch an equall furniture of merit,
She has no art to reconcile her thoughts
Into one fortunate choice.
Ala. 'Tis very ſtrange.
Alw. The Gordian, which great *Alexander* could not
By ſubtilty diſſolve, his ſword untwiſted;
I uſe her own words, Gentlemen, you may
Inferre, that you muſt either quit your courtſhip,
Or by your ſelves agree, who beſt deſerves her,
And dare do moſt to merit ſuch a miſtriſs.
Ala. How, beſt deſerves her?
Col. And dare do moſt,
Alw. I ſhould interpret this to fight for Honour.
But you can beſt expound, and ſo I leave you. *Exit.*

Col.

Col. What ſayes my perfum'd *Alamode* to this?
Will not a ſword quite ſpoile your ſattin Doublet,
And let in too much aire? your lips and language
Bath'd in the oyle of *Geſſamine* will not carry her,
You have worne a ſword thus long, to ſhew the hilt;
Now let the blade appear.

Ala. It ſhall. I have yet
No ague, I can looke upon your buffe,
And punto beard, yet call for no ſtrong-water,
I am no Tavern gull, that want protection,
Whom you with oathes do mortifie and ſweare
Into the payment of your ten pound ſurfeits;
Upon whoſe credit you weare belt and feather,
Top and Top-gallant. Go to your Landab----
It'h new Brothell, ſhe's a handſome leverett,
If ſhe deny free quarter, tear her trinkets,
Make Cullice of the Matron, yet be friends
Before the Conſtable come in, and runne
Ot'h ticket for the dear diſeaſe.

Col. Go on ſir.
I will have patience three minutes longer,
To hear thy ſcurrile wit, and then correct it.

Ala. Anſwer but one coole queſtion, if *Honoria*
Should poſſibly deſcend to think well of thee,
And by ſome philtre ſhould be brought to love thee.
What Jointure could we make, what's the *per annum*?

Col. Have you done yet?

Ala. 'Tis not impoſſible,
You may have a Catalogue of Town's and Leaguers,
The Names of Bridges broken down, your noſe
In time may keep them company in Landſchape:
You will tell of Bulworkes, *Barricado*, Fort's,

Of

Of outworkes, half moones, ſpurres, and parrapets
Of turnepikes, flankers, Cats and Counter-ſcarfs,
Theſe things will hardly pawn with Jew or Chriſtian;
But i'le come cloſer to you, you may have
In ready wounds ſome twenty, i'le admit,
And in diſeaſes can aſſure her forty;
This wo'not do, ſhe cannot eate a knapſack,
Or carry baggage, lye in your foule hutt,
And roſt the pullen, for whoſe pretious theft,
You and the gibbet fear to be acquainted.
If you return into your wholſome Countrey,
Upon your honourable wooden legges,
The houſes of Correction have but thinn
Accommodations, nor the Hoſpitalls.

Col. It does appear by all this impudence,
And little wit pilfer'd, and put together,
You do not know me.

Ala. Cry your mercie, Sir.
You are a great Field-officer, are part
Theſe petty things, but if theſe times preſerve
Their ſmooth complexion, it wo'not be
Ten hundred thouſand piſtols to a ſliver,
But you may run this gantlope once agen.

Col. You imagine you have ſtung me now, and that
I think my ſelf concern'd in this keen character?
I tell thee (wretched thing,) thou doeſt not reach
A Souldier, 'tis a name, three Heavens above
Thy Soule to underſtand, and 'twere a ſin
Would leſſen our own worth, to make thee know it.
You are a Courtier.

Ala. Very good.

Col. Nay rather.

A very impious one, you ſhall confeſs it,
Or I will cut your throat, this is no canting.
Ala. Very fine.
Col. Nay we know you are a fine Gentleman,
A Taffata-ſattin-pluſh-embroydered-
Lac'd-ſcarlet-tiſſue-cloath-a-bodkin devill;
Pride is thy meat and drink, thy Library,
And thy Religion, thy new clothes only
Bring thee to Church, where thou doſt muſter, all
The faſhions, and the trinkets, to the laſt
New button, upon which thy conſcience ſits,
And as the devill guides it, doſt condemne,
Or ſave the people, that done, not the window's
Scape thee, for thou woot quarrell with the pictures,
And find fault with the Apoſtles, for not having
A better Taylor, theſe Sir are your vertues,
Your high, and holiday devotions.
What moral vices follow in the weeke,
Is beſt known to the devill, your cloſe friend,
That keeps the Catalogue, yet one touch of them;
Thy luſt has no bounds, when thy blood's a fire,
Thou leap'ſt all like a Satyre, without difference
Of kindred, or acquaintance; and were thoſe
But ſummon'd, whom thy body hath infected,
They would ſtuffe an Hoſpital, and out-ſtinke the
Peſt-houſe.
Ala. And yet I walke upon theſe poor ſupporters.
Col. How long the Chirurgeon knowes.
Ala. Theſe all my faults?
Col. No, thoſe are but thy Peccadillioes,
Thy malice is behind, thou woot not take a bribe
To undo a Nation, ſell thy Countrey men
To as many perſecutions, as the devill

On

Or Dutch men had invented at *Amboyna*;
With all this ſtock of villany, thou haſt
An impudence------
Ala. I'le heare no more,
Col. A little i'le intreat you, all is but
A preface to your beating, which muſt follow,
Your tribe will beare it.
Ala. Then have at you Sir.
They make a Paſs.
Col. Y'are very nimble Courtier.
Ala. As you ſee.
Col. Good Mounſieur Quickſilver,
You may be fixt.
Ala. And your arrear's be paid.
Another Paſs, Alamode down and diſarm'd.
Col. What think you now?
Ala. It is your fortune Sir.
Col. Y'are at my mercie, aske your life?
Ala. I ſcorne it.
Col. I'le kill you then.
Ala. A boy may do as much
At this advantage.
Col. Will you not aske your life?
Ala. No 'tis not worth it.
Col. And't be not worth your asking, 'tis not
Worth
My taking at this poſture, there's your weapon,
Riſe, uſe it agen.
Ala. It ſhall be thus to render it.
Though I was not ſo baſe to beg my life,
Yet ſince you have given it me, I ſcorne to imploy it
Againſt one that was the maſter on't,

Col.

Col. This is gallantry.

Ala. You taught it first.

Col. In spight of all the Widdowes in the World We will be friends.

Ala. I meet it Colonel.

Col. And for the Lady *Mammon*-----

Ala. Wee'l take our chance.

Col. A match, now let us to th' Tavern.

Exeunt.

ACT. II.

Enter *Fulbanke* and *Phantaſme*.

Pha. I Think I have brought your buſineſs wel about, Sir.

Ful. Thou haſt obleig'd me everlaſtingly: Nay nay, be covered, thou art my beſt friend.

Pha. It was but Juſtice to advance your merit
With all the Retorick I had, for where
In prudence, could my Lady *Mammon* place
Her ſelf with more advantage to her fame?
A widdow of a thouſand pound *per annum* Jointure
With ſome few preſent bagges of muſty Gold,
Old Plate, and hungry houſhold-ſtuff would ſerve
The Countrey well enough.

Ful. Excellent *Phantaſme*

Pha. Where the report of building a Free-ſchool
And now and then an alme-houſe for old women,
With five teeth and a half among ſixteen,
Would make a mighty noiſe, and the poor hinds
Wonder, there's ſo much money left in nature.
The City is her only ſphere of glory.

Ful. Right, very right.

Pha. Here My Lady *Mammon*.
(Yours now as things are ordered)

Ful. Good.

Ph

Pha. May have high and noble waies to employ
her treasures.
Do things above the vulgar admiration,
Surround the City with a wall of Silver,
Transmute dull Leaden-hall to Gold, rebuild
The great Cathedrall of St. *Pauls* with Porphyrie
And clap so bright a spire upon't, shall make
The Sea-man afar off wonder what new
And never setting starre, Heaven hath created
To make the day eternall in this Island.

Ful. My own *Phantasme*.

Pha. There is no end, Sir, of her wealth, if you
Have but the patience to spend, you may
Out-do the Roman Luxuries.

Ful. I'l give thee my Gold-chain.

Pha. O'h no, it may do you better service, Sir,
'Bout your own neck hereafter; for all this
Infinite Treasure that she brings you, Sir,
What Joynture do you make her?
You are mortall.

Ful. I ha thought of that,
I will secure my whole Estate upon her?
Beside her own, I have no kindred, that
I care for, they are poor, and as my pride,
While I am living, will not look upon e'm,
At death, it will be wisdom to forget them.

Pha. It would endeare my Lady much, if you
Surprize her with this act, before she think on't.
I would have you do things gallantly---

Ful. You shall
Give the direction to my Counsell;

Pha. His name.

Ful. A very honest able eminent person,

One Mr. *Traverſe*, ſee it done your ſelf.

Phan. My Lady will take it well, without all doubt, Sir.

Ful. But ſhall I engage your trouble---

Pha. 'Tis an honour;

I'l give him order to diſpatch all preſently.

He is a very honeſt man you ſay.

Ful. He's right, I know him *intus & in Cute.*

Pha. My Lady, Sir, leave things to me.

Enter Mammon.

Ful. My moſt divine *Aurelia*!

Mam. Dear Mr. *Fulbanke*,

I have no happineſs but in your preſence,

When ſhall the worke be perfect?

Ful. I was conſidering,

It would become the glory of my Bride,

To have ſome ſtate, and triumph at our marriage,

I know the City will expect we ſhould

Accept ſome entertainment, perhaps Pageants,

And ſpeeches to congratulate our Nuptial.

Mam. 'Twill pleaſe me much.

Pha. There may be prejudice in theſe delay's,

Ful. Oh Sir, the ſtate is all; what thinks your Ladyſhip?

We will have tilting too, and feats of Chivalry

At Court, where I'l defend my *Aurelia Princeſs*,

In the guilt armour that I muſtered in,

And the rich ſaddle of my owne perfuming,

I'l have my ſquires, my plumes, and my devices,

And with my lance encounter the whole mirrour

Of Knight-hood, and compell the forreign Princes

To

To hang up all the Tables of their Miſtriſſes
As Trophee's to my moſt victorious *Mammon*.

Pha. Without ſome cure he will be mad immediately.

Enter Alamode, reading a Letter, a Servant waits.

Ala. Preſent my humbleſt ſervice to *Honoria*,
Say I am all obedience to her commands,
Were I in Heaven, this invitation
Would have the power to draw me thence, I kiſs
Her faireſt hand, this for your favour,
gives him money.
Mr. *Fulbanke*,

Ful. Pleaſe you to know my Lady Sir?

Ala. If I miſtake not the Lady *Aurelia*;
Widdow to the late high Treaſurer, Sir
Omnipotent *Mammon*.
Salutes her?
But are you Maſter of this rich Peru?

Ful. She will pleaſe to owne me, ha?

Mam. It is but Juſtice.

Ala. A thouſand ſtreams of joy flow in your boſoms,
I'l take ſome fortunate hour to viſit you,
And with an humble lip print my devotions
On your white hand.

Mam. You'l do me an honour ſir.

Ala. Some high affairs compell this rude departure,
But you have mercy to excuſe your ſervant. *Exit.*

Ful. VVhat heaps of words ſome men have got together

To signifie nothing?

Pha. How do you like this Gentleman?

Ful. These Courtiers are another sort of flesh-flies,
That haunt our City dames, but we must winke,
Or loose our Charter?

Pha. Bless the Body Politick.

Enter Maslin in rich Cloths, but Antick.

Mas. By your leave Gentlemen.

Ful. What Pageant's this?

Mas. Where De'e think I have been, Madam?

Mas. At the Brokers.

Mas. At the Exchange by these silke-stockings,
Mr. *Usher*---- a word to the wife,
If they will fit your rowling-pin, they'r paid for;
Perhaps the wages you receive in your
Relation to my Lady, wo'not find you
Convenient vanities. Now I'me for you Madam.

Mam. In good time.

Mas. I wanted but your hand,
I could ha fitted you with gloves, but here are
Some trifles for the finger, you must weare
This Diamond, and this Ruby,

Mam. De'e understand
What you do sir?

Mas. And here's a casting Net of Pearl.

Mam. A Carkanet? these will deserve ----

Mas. Tell not me of desert, I hate it perfectly,
Hang troyes and yellow rubbish that paid for 'em,
How De'e like my clothes?

Ful. Sir I am concern'd to thank you for these fa-
yours.

Mas.

Maſ. You? prethee away, I ha nothing to ſay to thee?

Ful. We have no other gratitude ſweet-heart,
But to invite him to our wedding.

Maſ. Wedding? *Phantaſme.*

Pha. And you had come but half an hour ſooner,
This very ſhape had don't.

Maſ. Do not, do not make me mad too ſoone.

Ful. You have been very bountifull, and we pray
Your noble preſence at our Feſtivall,
Which we have deferr'd to be attended with
Some Triumph, ſuch as may become the City,
And my dear Ladies honour, is't not ſo,
My America? look how the oyſter gapes.
Leave him to chew his Countrey cud, come Madam.
Exeunt.

Pha. Sir I confeſs.----

Maſ. And be hang'd, I am undone, and I could cry now.

Pha. Sir,
You have been at a great charge to go without her,
Such rings, and Carknet, beſide the coſt
Of this fine habit? for your bounty, Sir,
Beſtowed on me, the unworthieſt of your Servants,
I have a gratitude, if you pleaſe to accept it.

Maſ. What is't? a halter or a knife to cure me,
Or a comfortable poiſon?

Pha. 'Tis the firſt
You nam'd, a moſt convenient, neatly twiſted
Halter, for I do ſee your inclinations,
And ſhall commend your fortitude, beſide
'Twill ſhew a brave contempt upon their ſcorns.

And who know's, how the example, Sir, may ſpread
To cure ſome o her mad men that love widdows.
You have my judgement and the cord for nothing,
Loſe not the nick of the next beam you come at,
No way like this to be High-Conſtable.

Maſ. Here, take my clothes; I will be mad, and hang
My ſelf immediately;---- and yet I will conſider,
Till the ayre be a little warmer; when I have
Cut *Fulbanks* throat, 'tis but a hanging afterwards.
'Tis good to be malicious, and wiſe;
Some notable revenge would be worth all
My coſt, and then a *ſico* for the Devill. *Exit.*

Enter Alworth and Alamode,

Alw. Pleaſe you to have a little patience
I ſhall acquaint my Lady that y'are come, Sir.

Ala. Before you go, dear Sir, I know your prudence
And neere imployment with my Lady, has
Endeer'd you to partake ſome of her Counſells;
You ſhall obliege a very humble Servant,
To let me know how ſhe affects, you reach
My meaning, by what motive am I ſent for?

Alw. My Lady keeps the key of her own Cabinet,
But if you'l have my Judgement on the ſtheme,
I think my Lady will this day determine
Her choice, I encline the rather to this Judgement,
Because the Colonell is ſent for too.
My attendance is expected, Sir, your pardon.

Ala. Ha muſick.

A ſong within praiſe of a Courtier.

I like this well *Enter*

Enter Colonell and *Alworth*.

Alw. My Lady will appear presently,
I'l give her knowledge, if you please.
Col. Your favour, Sir,
You are learned beyond books, what's your opinion
Of my Lady, in relation to things at present?
What do you think of me?
Alw. My thoughts are much
Too narrow to conclude your worth, which left
An object for Divine *Honoria's* wisdom,
Must only take from her, a worthy character
And just reward.

A song in praise of a Soldier.

Col. I like this preface.
Ala. My noble Colonell, thy Servant.

Enter Honoria attended, a Table set forth, with a Cabinet upon it.

Hon. Excuse the trouble that I give you Gentlemen,
Y'are welcome, and thus knit into a freindship,
Your persons have more grace, and shine upon e'm.
Some chairs, pray sit. I see you both preserve
Your fair respects to honour, and I have
After some pause, and serious dispute
Within my self, collected now at last,
Upon whose person to repose my self,
My fortune, and my fame, and since but one
(Where many may deserve) can weare the Garland

The

The loser must content himself with his fate,
And wait a kinder providence.

Col. 'Tis but Justice.

She takes a wreath of Bayes from the Cabinet.

Hon. This wreath of bayes, embleme of victory,
Must crowne his head to whom I fall a Conqueſt,
Forgive the Ceremony.

Col. Oh 'tis very pleasing,

Ala. I like it well, Madam, and commend your fancy.

Hon. You, Sir, were bred up in the Schoole of honour,
The Court, this may not unbecome your Temples,
Wise Courtiers are the Jewels of a Crown,
The Columnes and the ornaments of state,
Fitted with parts; and piety to act:
They serve the Power for Justice, not themselves;
Their Faith the Cabinet, in which is laid
The Princes safety, and the Nations peace,
The Oracles, and the mysteries of Empire;
Men borne above the fordid guilt of avarice,
Free as the mountain aire, and calme as mercy.
Borne without Eyes, when the poor man complains
Against the great oppressor, without hands,
To take the bloudy price of mans undoing,
But keeping at each sense a Court of Guard,
Draws fear from Love, and teaches good by example.

She puts the Wreath upon the Colonell.

Ala. Divine *Honoria*.

Hon. You must give me leave,

To

To try, how it becomes his brow; me thinks
VVith the ſame grace, it dwells upon his head,
Does he not look like mighty *Julius* now,
When he returned triumphant from the Gaules,
Or bringing home the wealthy ſpoiles of *Egypt*,
Pontus, and *Africa*? allow him but
The ſame commands, and men to fight, why may not
His Valour equall what is fam'd in ſtory,
Atchiev'd by the great ſoules of *Rome*, and Carthage?
A ſoldier merits firſt to be called man,
By whom not only Courts but Kingdoms flouriſh,
Unto whoſe ſeverall offices, the VVorld
Owes all the great and glorious names of honour.
How would the age grow ruſty, and the ſoule
Of Common-wealths corrupt with eaſe, and ſurfeits,
Should not the ſword call e'm to exerciſe,
And ſweat out their unmanly Luxuries,
By acting things worth envy, even of Princes.
The honour of the Gowne without his ſword,
VVill run it ſelf into contempt, and Laws
Are not good made, but while the ſword ſecures e'm.
The Court muſt weare no ſilke, nor the prowd City
Make the Sea groane with burden of her wealth,
Did not the active ſoldier, with expence
Of his dear blood, expoſe himſelf abroad,
Their convoy, and ſecurity at home.

Col. I am tranſported.

Hon. Give me the ſame favour
To let me looke a little on this Chaplet,
To which I have annexed my ſelf a Labell.
Me thinks the Trifle looks, as it had loſt
Some Verdure ſince I took it from your heads,
The Courtier, and the Soldier both inviting

In

In such a high degree of merit, hinders
The progress I should make, but pardon me,
I shall soone quit the Labarynth.

Col. What's the meaning?

Hon. I would you were not two, or that one had
Less of desert, when you are both in ballance,
Have you no art, Gentlemen, to contract
Your selves into one person?

Ala. 'Tis not possible.

Hon. Think you so? it is worth the experiment,
Come hither *Alworth*.

Alw. Madam.

Hon. Nay come nearer,
This is a Scholar, Gentlemen, and the cloud
He weares, remov'd, for he's no more a Servant,
May bring him into a civill competition:
Me thinks it fits him, your opinion?

Col. We are in a fair way to be ridiculous, what think you?
Chiaus'd by a Scholar?

Ala. Are you in earnest Madam?

Hon. I repent not
The placing of it there, in him do meet
The Courtier and the Soldier, at least
He's not without the best capacity
Of both your worths, when they have brightest lustre.

Ala. There is no remedy.
Would I had *Mammon*.

Hon. Gentlemen stay, & hear the Scholars character.

Col. No thank you Madam, we have heard too much.
Fortune has given you Lawrell, and us willow.
May your wreath flourish, Sir? *Exeunt.*

Alw.

Ala. Soule of my muſe! what active unknown fire
Already doth thy Delphick wreath inſpire?
O'th ſuddain how my faculties ſwell high,
And I am all a powerfull Prophecie.
Sleep ye dull *Cæſars*, *Rome* will boaſt in vain
Your glorious Triumphs, one is in my brain
Great, as all theirs, and circled with thy bayes,
My thoughts take Empire ore all Land, and Seas.
Proof againſt all the Planets, and the ſtroke
Of Thunder, I riſe up *Auguſtus* Oake,
Within my guard of *Lawrell*, and made free
From age, look freſh ſtill, as my Daphnean tree:
My fancy's narrow yet, till I create
For thee another World, and in a ſtate
As free, as innocence, ſhame all Poets wit,
To climb no higher than *Elizium* yet;
Where the pale Lovers meet, and teach the groves
To ſigh, and ſing bold legends of their Loves.
We will have other flights, and taſt ſuch things
Are only fit for ſainted Queens and Kings.
All that was Earth falls of, my ſpirits free,
I have nothing left now, but my Soule and thee.

Honoria takes off the Wreath.

Hon. VVhat means this Extaſie? this was not meant,
Unleſs you uſe my favours with leſs inſolence,
I can repent, and frowne e'm back to nothing.
Have you forgot your diſtance? can a ſmile

And

And this green trifle forfeit your discretion,
Or make me less, than when you were my Servant,
I look you should be humble still,
Alw. Good Heaven!
What unexpected, most prodigious cloud,
With his black wings, hath in a minute veild
The brightest day, that ever smil'd upon me?
Did not you place it here?
Hon. It is confest,
As an encouragement to your vertue, Sir,
No Conquest of *Honoria*, yet you triumph,
And make me blush as I had courted you.
Al. O do not charge my thoughts with such a stain,
This might deserve your anger, and vouchsafe me
The boldness to say Madam, if you punish
My hasty application of your favours,
You gave me the encouragement to be guilty.
It is a tyrany to cherish Servants,
And punish their obedience.
Hon. But when flattered by
Pride, which darkes the soule, you challenge
And measure the reward by your own fancy,
You loose the noblest recompence of service,
And merit but the hire of common duties;
'Tis possible, that Gold may satisfie
My debt to your imployment.
Alw. Till this minute
I was not lost, but having heard this, Madam,
You must do something like a miracle
To save me now;—— I dare contemne your Gold,
And am compell'd to aske your Justice, what
Action since I had reference to honour,
Look'd with a mercenary staine upon it?

Gold

Gold is a pay for ſoules of darke complexion.
I ſerved you for your ſelf, and ſince I'm thought
Beneath the merit of your ſmile, I'l make
My ſelf above the price of ſordid contracts,
For I can with as much eaſe deſpiſe your wealth,
As I can ſhift the ayre, I take my leave,
And can pray for you in a Wilderneſs.

Ho. Come back, this minute every cloud is vaniſh'd
That did preſent diſpleaſing formes: I find
Thy ſoule is pure, forgive this Triall, thou haſt
Deſerved me beſt.

Alw. I dare not underſtand you now.

Hon. The language is not hard.

Alw. I want a name, to call this bleſſing by,
Then I may kiſs your hand, and may I not,
Madam approach your lip, and be forgiven?
Now I begin to doubt.

Hon. My Faith?

Alw. That I am not awake, or if I be
That I am ſhort-liv'd, and muſt ſoone diſſolve
Under this ſtorme of happineſs; ha? 'tis come
And I have loſt my courage o' the ſuddain. *faints.*
Your pardon Madam, ſomething gathers here
That wo'd ſurprize my heart. I am aſham'd on't.

Enter Ser.

Hon. Who waits, contribute your beſt help to his
Support, convey him gently to his chamber,
Run for Phiſitians, thy good genius guard thee.

Alw. I am not Worth your fears.

Hon. And worth my love?

Alw. That very word ſhould cure me;

Hon I have been
Too much, I fear unkind, to both our dangers. *Exeunt.*

Act

ACT III.

Enter Traverſe and his Clarke.

Tra. VVAit at the door, my Clients are ſo numerous
And preſſing with their ſuites, they almoſt ſtifle me.
Let me enjoy the aire of my owne Chamber;
I think I have loſt ſome lungs in the laſt cauſe.
Let me indulge a little to repair e'm,
A glaſs of the Greeke wine, Th' Italian Merchant
Preſented me, and let the Terme go on,
I'l drive the Law at leiſure, and o're take it.

Clarke fills Wine into the glaſs.

So ſo, this looks ſprightly,
Be carefull of this Treaſure, 'tis my blood,
VVaſt not one drop, upon thy life I charge thee.

Daſh drinks from the bottle.

Daſ. VVaſt quothe?
You ſhall not prove a waſt, I'l warrant you.
Tra. So, ſo, remove.
Daſ. Sir your Idolaters, the Writs are come.

Enter.

Enter Writs.

Tra. The weather's hot, let no more ſpirits enter,
Now like the ſoveraigne Bee, methinks I ſit
In my prodigious hive, ſurveying all
My wing'd, induſtrious people, bringing honey,
And making wax more pretious than a trade
To both the *Indies*. My good Emiſſaries,
And faithfull ſpirits of the Law, deſcend
To your infernall ſhades, untill I call you,
Exeunt Writs.

Enter Daſh.

Daſ. A Gentleman deſires to ſpeak with you Sir,
From the Lady *Mammon*.
Tra. Admit him.

Enter Phantaſme.

Daſ. VVhat a fine thing this Terme is?
And what an ungodly time, the long Vacation?
Pha. Sir, I'l not hold you long, I know you have
buſineſs,
There have paſt ſome overtures of love and marriage,
Between your City Client, Mr. *Fulbank*,
And the Miſtriſs that I ſerve, the Lady *Mammon*.
And you ſhould draw a Deed to ſettle on her
His whole Eſtate, if ſhe ſurvive, as Joynture----
Tra. I underſtand you Sir.
Pha. I am glad you do, this Sir is his deſire,
And to have all diſpatch'd with expedition.

Tra. Very well.

Pha. But the reaſon of my coming is
To deſire you ſir, to let all this
Alone, there is another thing, that will
Concern you more materially.

Tra. Your meaning?

Pha. You are not married.

Tra. I enjoy a freedom.

Pha. My Lady *Mammon* has a vaſt Eſtate,
And is a widdow, you do underſtand?

Tra. Her name is precious to the VVorld.

Pha. The VVorld's an aſſe, you look like a wiſeman,
You have a good face, and a handſome perſon
Under a Gowne, you have a good Eſtate too;
I am a Servant, that have credit with her,
By my relation; and I have no mind,
The City Mule, your Client, ſhould breake
His back with burden of his gold; in ſhort,
I wiſh you well, and if you have the confidence
To make a motion for your ſelf, this high
And mighty widdow, may be yours; I'm plain.

Tra. Say you ſo?

Pha. I'l bring her to you, and prepare her too,
Have I been tedious ſir,

Tra. My better Angell!

Pha. Legions attend my Lady, trouble not
Your head why all this kindneſs from a ſtranger.
I had a revelation to do thus;
Have a ſtrong faith, and think upon't, your Servant.
If within half an hour ſhe viſit you,
Think it no dreame, and thank me afterwards,
Now leave your wonder, and be wiſe.

Tra. Can this be true? 'tis not impoſſible.

This

This is a pretty viſion would I had her.
If ſhe appear I may believe, and proſper.

Enter Maſlin.

Daſ. The tide is coming in,
Mr. *Maſlin* the High-Conſtable, a good man
And full of cauſes.
Tra. What intruſion's this?
Maſ. I have given a ſop to *Cerberus* your door-keeper.
Tra. O' Mr. *Maſlin* you are become a ſtranger.
Maſ. 'Tis not for want of love to be at Law.
Your worſhip knows, I am apt to trouble you,
And the whole County where I live.
Tra. Your buſineſs?
Maſ. Sir, it is extraordinary, and I deſire
Beſide your learned worſhips fees, to pay
For expedition.
Tra. You ſpeak reaſon.
Maſ. I do abound in reaſon, look you Sir
Shews Gold
'Tis all of this complexion; here's a piece
For every day till the next Terme begin,
And two for every day it laſts.
Tra. Have a care of your health, good Sir;
Maſ. And you of your ſpectacles.
Tar. What muſt I do for this?
Maſ. Do? you muſt undoe
A friend of mine.
Tra. A Friend?
Maſ. We are all friends in Law, Sir,
Never did man ſuffer ſo faſt an injury,

And therefore take him to your legall malice?

Tra. Has he kill'd your Father?

Maſ. VVorſe, worſe:

Tra. Made a whore of your ſiſter?

Maſ. VVorſe than that:

Tra. Raviſh'd your wife?

Maſ. VVorſe than all that, and yet this comes the neereſt,
Has cheated me of my wench; a widdow Sir
That has more money than all your profeſſion
Has got, ſince the diſſolution of the Abbeys.
In ſhort, this is the Caſe, *Fulbanke*, the City
Gulfe has ſwallowed my Lady *Aurelia*
Mammon.

Tra. O *Canibal*!

Maſ. Devour'd my widdow, wife
That ſhould ha been, this man I hate, this man
Muſt be undone, and there's part of the money.

Tra. The Lady *Aurelia Mammon*?

Maſ. That very Polcat; but I muſt tell you Sir,
They are not married yet, if you have now
A dainty Devill to forbid the banes----

Tra. Although this be a caſe, more pertinent
To the Court Eccleſiaſticall, yet,
Let me conſult my Law-giver.

Turns his Books.

Maſ. Sir, ſo I may
Be reveng'd, I ſtand not much upon't,
VVho has this *Mammon*, let the Devill take her,
Or your worſhip take her, 'tis all one to me.

Tra. Hum! I ſhall ſtretch a point of Law for you.

You

You ſhall have your deſire, I do expect
Her preſence inſtantly,
Maſ. Is that a conjuring book, expect her inſtantly?
Now i'le pronounce you maſter of your wiſhes,
For you ſhall have ---
Maſ. The widdow?
Tra. VVhat is ſweeter than the widdow,
You Sir, ſhall have revenge, and Mr. *Maſlin*
To vex him more, de'e obſerve I will have the widow,
My ſelf.
Maſ. You will, and what ſhall I have?
Tra. Sir, you ſhall have revenge, revenge, the joy
Of fleſh and blood, life and delight of nature,
The poor mans Luxury, and the rich mans bath,
Above all wealth or widdows Sir. *Mr. Maſlin*,
I'l tame his blood, and his Eſtate by Law,
VVhile you ſhall crack your ſpleen with mirth and laughter,
And wonder at my ſubtill arts to vex him.
Maſ. All this is reaſon.
Tra. This ſhall be done by Law for the High-Conſtable.

Enter Mammon and Phantaſme.

Maſ. The Lady's come; this Gentleman
Has ſtudied the black art.
Tra. Do you withdraw, and leave me opportunity
To wind the widdow up.
Maſ. Behind the Hangings;

He obſcures.
Phantaſme Exit.

Tra. Vouchsafe your Servant touch your hand, your lip
Is an ambition more becoming Princes:
Mam. I am not proud, where fair salutes invite me.
I come to give you a little trouble, Sir.
Tra. Madam command me, to the extent of all
My faculties.
Mas. His faculties? that will carry her,
She is a glittering fairye, but he'le conjure her.
Stay if he takes this prize, what shall have
For all my expences! that's considerable;
Oh, I shall have revenge he says; the widdow
Were much the better, but we must be rul'd
By our learned Counsell.
Mam. You have order from
A Gentleman of the City, Mr. *Fulbanke*,
To draw up writings, sir------
Tra. A Joynture Madam.
But I receiv'd a Countermand.
Mam. From whom?
Tra. From providence that would not suffer such
An excellent Lady to be lost, and thrown
Among the City rubbish.
Mam, Do you know Mr. *Fulbanke* Sir?
Tra. As much, as I do wonder at his impudence,
And sawcy ambition with his mean deserts
To look at such a blessing; your fortunes
Are worth your preservation, and a man
Whose art, and serious knowledge in the World
May fence it in from a rapine, and that greater
Enemy to an Estate, prosusion.
Excuse my plainess Madam.

'Tis

Mam. 'Tis a Truth.

Tra. Can you vouchsafe your smile upon a Servant,
To whose faith and care you safely may commit
A Treasure of more value than the World,
Your self; in me behold him Madam, one
That would devote his soule a Sacrifice
To be for ever burning in those beams,
There is no Law, but in your breast, your lips,
Preserve the Nations Oracle.

Mam. This Language
Doth tast too much of Poetry, take heed, Sir.

Tra. If this dislike you Madam, I can court you
In a more legall way, and in the name
Of Love and Law arrest you, thus

Embraces her.

Mam. Arrest me?

Tra. And hold you fast imprisoned in my arms,
Without or baile or maineprize.

Mam. This does well.

Tra. I can do better yet, and put in such
A declaration, Madam, as shall startle
Your merriest blood

Mam. I may put in my answer.

Tra. Then comes my replication, to which
You may rejoyne, *Currat Lex*. shall we?
Joyne issue presently?

Mam. He'l have her *se defendendo*.

Enter

Enter Phantaſme and Fulbanke.

Pha. What do you think of this, Sir?
Ful. They are very familiar.
Maſ. 'Tis he, the very he, come as my heart
Could wiſh to his vexation.
Pha. Is this the honeſt Gentleman
You truſted, Sir;
Tra. Who attends?

Enter the Writs.

Ful. My paſſion ſtifles me.
Maſ. Are you come
My delicate Devills cut in way? let him not
Approach too near, he can take meaſure
Of his forehead at this diſtance. (worke,
Pha. Theſe were my fears, marriage had made ſure
I was againſt your ſtay for tilts, and triumphs.
Mam. 'Tis Mr. *Fulbanke*.
Ful. Would any ſtrumpet vex an honeſt man thus?
Mam. Strumpet; you ſhall have ſuell to this jealouſie.
Maſ. Excellent Pidgeons! admirable Spiders! ha, ha, ha.
Ful. I'l be revenged.
Tra. Curat Lex.
Pha. Excuſe me, Sir, I muſt follow the Law,
Exeunt.

The Writs encloſe Fulbanke.

Maſ.

Maſ. Joy Mr. *Fulbanke*, and a whole bundle of babies. ha, ha, ha.
Your wedding day was notably deferr'd
To be attended with more Ceremony,
And ſuch an antimaſque of ſucking Devills.
He looks like the py'd Piper in *Germany*,
That undertook to cure the Town of Rats,
And now the fry of *Vermin* dance about him.
I am left to chew my Countrey cud, an aſſe,
A ridden-empty-pated-ſordid Coxcomb:
You do command in chief o're Cuckolds ſconce
Or Haven, to which all the Tups ſtrike ſaile,
And bow in homage to your Soveraigne Antlers.
Moſt high and mighty halfe moon, Prince of *Bucos*.
And ſo I kiſs your hoof.

Exeunt Maſlin and Writs.

Ful. Well; if there be money and malice in the City,
Expect a black revenge upon ye all.

Exit.

Enter Phantaſme.

Pha. My nimble Lawyer thinks he has got my Lady,
And hugges his happineſs, my next worke ſhall be
To ſpoile his practice, miſchief is my office.

Enter

Enter Alamode.

Moſt noble *Alamode,*

Ala, My old acquaintance?

Pha. I am proud that you will owne me, Sir, your Creature.

Ala. When is this day of Triumph in the City.
For high and mighty *Fuibanke,* and your Ladies
So much expected marriage?

Pha. At the Greeke Calends;
My Lady's has left the Alderman allready.
He may now change his Heraldry, and give
In's coat an armed beaſt at the new bull-ring
In a field dirt.

Ala. whether is ſhe gone prethee?

Pha. To Travers ſir, who has yet no Terme for life.
Your hopes thrive I gueſs in the fair *Honoria.*

Ala. She's a haggard too.

Pha. Poſſible?

Ala. She has gull'd us learnedly,
And took the Scholar, in few months you'le heare
Her brought to bed of Philoſophy, ſhe's gone,
And I may as ſoone hope to retrive thy Lady,

Pha. My Lady? with your pardon, gentle ſir,
Can you find in your ſelf any warme thought,
Or meaning to my Lady?

Ala. Could I wiſh
To live, and look at happineſs?

Pha. You have been a noble Patron to me.

Ala. What canſt thou do?

Pha.

Pha. Do, I can do the office of a Gentleman,
And you ſhall go your part, and perhaps owner.
Ala. Make me ſo happy.
Pha. I'l conduct you,
You come i'th opportunity. *Exeunt.*

Enter Travers.

Tra. My ſtarres conſpire to make me a full happineſs,
Since, fame ſpread my intended marriage
With Lady *Mammon*, methinks the people
Look on me with another face of feare,
And admiration, in my thoughts I ſee
My ſelf allready in the Throne of Law,
In which the petty purples waite, diſperſing
As I incline to frowne, or ſmile, the fate
Of trembling mortalls,

Enter Phantaſme.

Pha. He is return'd.
Tra. Where is thy Lady, thou art (I obſerve) her favourite.
And muſt be mine;
Pha. She's in her Chamber ſir.
Tra. Come I will have it ſo, thou art too humble,
Pha. 'Tis a becoming Duty. My ambition
Will be to obſerve the wonder of your happineſs,
And how you'l riſe to greatneſs, and to glory,
By matching with my Lady,
Tra. You are not
A ſtranger to her cloſſet, it will be

An

An engagement to acquaint me with her temper.

Pha. She is a woman, Sir, but you are wise.

Tra. Nay, nay, I must know her nature.

Pha. 'Tis very gentle, she is angell Gold,
And you may bend her as you please, she is
A teeming Lady too.

Tra. What Children?

Pha. All provided for, they'l not trouble you,
She has a thousand friends.

Tra. Thou art kind, proceed-----

Pha. You are a Gentleman,
Whose wisdome I may trust, I should not use
This freedom else.

Tra. Thou maist tell me any thing.

Pha. She loves to be abroad, and to disperse
Her shine upon some persons that adore her,
That's all her fault, she wo'not be confind, Sir;
And how the softness of your nature will
Consent, to keep her under lock and key-----

Tra. Umh! if she be so volatile, I must
Hang weight upon her, 'twill be necessary.

Enter a Doctor.

Retain thy wisdom and observe my Lady,

Pha. It is my duty, Sir.

Tra. My noble Client.

Doc. I ha not leisure to aske how go causes.

Tra. Yours will be heard, the first day of the Term.

Doc. I build upon your care.

Tra. You may be confident,
Neglect my Doctor, to whose care, and art

I owe my lungs, and life?

Doc. Oh you are pleasant,
But I am now engag'd, and shall desire
I may be excus'd, you know my Lady *Honoria*:

Tra. She is not sick.

Doc. No, but a Gentleman
Whom she declares most precious to her, is,
(I'th height of expectation, and fair hopes
To have been her husband,) desperately falne Sick,
And now I think on't, 'tis my wonder, you
Made no addresses timely to that Lady.
Men that are eminent in Law, are wont
To be ambitious of Honour.

Tra. Oh Sir
It is a maxime in our politicks,
A Judge destroyes a mighty practiser.
When they grow rich, and lazie, they are ripe
For honour.

Doc. You have Sir a swelling fortune.

Tra. I have *Mammon*, I think, and for my owne part
Can easily consent to accept of Lordship.

Doc. If this man take the toy, and dye, she's worth
Your thoughts, my learned in the Laws, I wish
Sir I could serve you.

Tra. Nay, nay prethee Doctor.

Doc. The Gentleman may suffer,

Tra. If he dye,
You and I shall be friends, i'le not engage you
To poison him.

Doc. You have more justice.

Tra. Yet I should not breake my heart, if he were dead,

And

And the faire Lady mine, I know not, but
This very mention of her, at this nick
Of time, when her delight is taking leave,
Hath a ſtrange operation in my fancye:
You know my conſtitution, I may want
Your ay'd, but honourably.

Doc. You ſhall command it.

Tra. Then i'l to her inſtantly, and beare you company.

Doc. You can pretend no viſit, being a ſtranger.

Tra. No, I will go under the notion of
Your friend, and fellow Doctor, one o'th Colledge.

Doc, You may do ſo.

Tra. I need not ſhift my habit.

Doc. And what then?

Tra. Obſerve, and ſee the Motions of my Lady,
Who knows but I may feel her pulſe? I prophecie
Something will follow fortunate. If I thrive
Thou ſhalt be King of *Coſ*, my learn'd *Hyppocrates*
And I will be thy Servant.

Doc. 'Tis too early to court her.

Tra. 'Tis a fault of modeſty
In men to think ſo. Women are no fools,
And howſoe're they bridle it, 'tis providence
'T entertain new comforts, I have heard
A modeſt Gentleman ſay, that made his love
Known to a Lady e're her husbands fleſh
VVas cold i'th cruſt, I meane new cofind up,
But he had a repulſe, the anſwer was
He came too late, the widdow had been promis'd
The day before.

Doc. If you be ſo reſolv'd,
I'le waite upon you, Sir:

Tra.

Tra. The reſt to my kind ſtarres, come wee'l take Coach.

Exit.

Enter Mammon Alamode and Phantaſme.

Mam. Preſume to lock me up? thou ha'ſt my Jewells.
J'l leave him inſtantly.
Ala. He fears his tenure,
And would ſecure your Ladyſhip from ſtarting,
But this doth very well become your prudence,
To quit the houſe e're he improve his intereſt,
By ſome new quirk in Law.
Pha. A noble Gentleman!
And one that honours you religiouſly.
Mam. You much obliege me ſir, and I look on, you
Deſign'd by providence my preſerver; wee'le
Into t'h Countrey inſtantly.
Ala. Any whether, excellent *Phantaſme*!
I am your Servant Madam, to wait on you
Through the VVorld.
Pha. I was borne to make you-
A foole, or I am miſtaken.

Enter Daſh.

This is his Clarke, and ſpie upon your perſon.
Ala. How the raſcall ſquints upon us?
Mam. Tell Mr. *Travers*,
The Bird is flowne, commend me to his night-cap,
I ſhanot ſee him till the next vacation,

So

So farewell penny a ſheet.

Ala. And doſt heare? bid him
Provide new locks and keys, and barres and bolts,
And cap the Chimney, leaſt my Lady fly
Out at the Lover hole, ſo commend us to
The precious owle your Maſter.

They kick Daſh.

Pha. One token from me.

Exeunt.

Daſ. You have truſted me with tokens of remembrance,
I would my Maſter had received them in
His *propria perſona*, to have thank'd you.
Their toes are ſomewhat harder than my haunches;
But this is nothing to the generall damage,
If our great Lady *Mammon* be run from us;
VVhich I believe, as ſure, as I am waking,
And have been kick'd, the moſt convincing argument.
All our hopes come to this? our mighty hopes
Huge as a Mountain, ſhrunke into a wart?
VVe are undone, and may go hang our ſelves.

Exit.

Enter Honoria.

Hon. I was too blame, my curioſity
Now ſuffers for the Triall of his vertue;
And he too apprehenſive, when I chid
The Ambition of his love, made himſelf paſt
The cure of my affection.

Enter.

Enter Doctor and Travers.

ir, you are welcome:

Doc. Madam, I preſum'd
o bring another able Doctor with me
or his conſult, in caſe there may be danger.

Hon. You have very much oblieged me.

Tra. She is a very gallant Lady!
nſpight of all the clouds that dwell upon her.

Hon. VVho waits there? ſhew theſe Doctors Mr. *Alworths*
hamber, there is another Gentleman within
f your profeſſion; your cares ſhall find
gratitude becoming both my ſelf,
nd your owne worth, and I may tell you Doctor;
f it may give the leaſt addition to
our Cheerfulneſs, in his you will preſerve my life.

Doct. Madam, retain but your own vertue;, and be confident.

Hon. Poor *Alworth*, there is left no other way
o pay my ſatisfaction to thy merits,
ut with my ſorrow for thy ſufferings;
nd what will be thought pious to thy memory,
f Fate tranſlate thee hence: ha, he is returned.

Enter Traverſe.

What think you Sir?

Tra. I wiſh he could ſleep Madam, I am for his ſleep,
t would be a benefit, truth is, I much fear him.

But 'tis not prudence (give me boldneſs Madam)
To let this Sorrow play too much a Tyrant
On your fair cheek: This ſhews him precious t
you,
If the Srars envying his converſe on Earth,
Court him to their bright Dwellings, you muſt be
Arm'd with a noble Fortitude, and conſent
To let him riſe a Conſtellation there,
And not impair your ſelf, who were not meant
To be ſnatch'd hence, by over-haſty ſorrow,
But live the worlds beſt Ornament.

Hon. Did you ſay
That ſleep would much advantage him? What think
you
Of ſome ſoft murmures of the Lute, or Voyce?
I have heard the purlings of a ſpring will make
Our ſenſes glide into a dream I have a Page did uſe
To pleaſe him much.

Ex. Hon.

Enter Doctor.

Doct. What think you on her?

Tra. I think? I cannot think too much upon her.
But I'll not leave her thus, her very preſence
Is able to recover him.

Doct. Let me tell you Sir,
I finde no Danger in him, be then counſel'd
Not to betray your ſelf, you finde his temper
Not apt for your deſign, Expect a time——

Tra. I love her infinitely. *Mammon* is a Blouze,
A deformed Gypſie, didſt ere ſee her Doctor?
She paints abominably, ey'd like a Tumbler,

Her

Her Noſe has all the colours of the Rainbow,
Her Lips are blue, and her teeth ſtraddle, you
May pick 'em with a bed-ſtaff.

Doct. You deſcribe
An Elegant perſon.

Tra. But *Honoria*
Has all perfections. Stay, what fees de'e think
I have had of you ſince our acquaintance, there's
A purſe of gold----no ceremony, I am ſtill
In thy arrears for bringing me to ſee
This wonder of her ſex.

Doct. You are not wilde.

Tra. Your cauſe ſhall coſt you nothing too, that ended,
Quarrel with all the Countrey, your Law's paid for.
Serve me but now, I'll be thy ſlave for ever.

Exit.

Doct. I now ſuſpect the Lawyer is ſhort liv'd,
Men of his Robe are ſeldom guilty of
Theſe reſtitutions, but who can help it?
If I knew any handſome way to ſerve him,
He has oblig'd me.

Exit.

Muſick, a Song.

Enter Doctor.

Doct. He'l ſhame us all,
He's zealouſly perſwading the poor Gentleman
To dye with all ſpeed, and tells him ſtories
Of Heaven, what a fine place it is, and what

Excellent company the Angels are;
What a baſe Priſon to a noble Soul
The world is, nothiug right under the Moon,
Or worth a manly thought; and preſently
He courts my Lady, and falls into ſuch raptures
In her commendation. The Gentleman
(Whoſe Criſis is not deſperate, if I
Have any Judgement) ſmiles at his folly.
They'r both here.

Enter Traverſe and Honoria.

Tra. He's a Gentleman, whoſe condition,
And as he has relation to your favours,
May invite ſome paſſion: But you are wiſer
Then to condemn your ſelf to ſolitude,
And for his abſence to deſpiſe mankinde;
Be juſt for your own ſake, and Madam, look
Beyond his Hearſe, with pitty on the living,
'Mongſt which, you cannot want, as juſt admirers,
And ſome that may be worth your ſecond thoughts.

Hon. What mean you Sir?

Tra. I mean your ſecond choice.

Hon. This language makes your Charity ſuſpected.

Dect. You are too violent, leave us a while.

Ex. Tr.

Hon. Your friend is full of counſel.

Dect. You have goodnes,
To place an innocent ſenſe upon his language,
I know he has much honour to your perſon,
And 'tis ſometimes as neceſſary, to
Adviſe the living to preſerve their health,
Which their immoderate ſorrows would conſume,
As cure the languiſhing patient.

Enter

Enter Travers haſtily.

Tra. Now Madam,
Your grief is uſeleſs to him, he is dead.
Hon. Dead?
Doll. She Faints.
Tra. A bleſſed Opportunity!
There is a Coach at door will hold us all,
My deareſt Eſculapian, help, and finde
A bounty will deſerve it.

They carry in Honoria.

ACT IV.

Enter Traverse.

Tra. I Have secur'd the person of *Honoria*,
At my Mannor in the Countrey, who believes
Her *Alworth* dead, and must be allowed some time
For that digestion. I have made known
My self, and the affection which engag'd me.
But though my Lady *Mammon* have a place
Beneath her in my thoughts; on better counsel,
I think it wisdom to preserve my interest
In her, already mine by her consent,
And the great plea of Law, Possession.
If I can make the Lady *Honoria* sure,
She shall be my wife, and that my Concubine,
Rare, Excellent!

Enter Dash.

Dash. Oh Sir, y'are welcome home.
Tra. Thou look'st with a warp'd face.
Dash. You can resolve me,
Is there no case, wherein a man, without
Impeachment to his Credit or his Conscience,
May be allowed to hang himself?

Tra.

Tra. What's the matter?
Thou art not desperate?
Dash. I know not, but
I finde some inclinations to Hemp.
You are my Master, I may be concern'd
To follow a good example.
Tra. Leave your fooling,
How does my Lady *Mammon?*
Da. There's the business.
My Lady Mammon is Sir----
Tra. What, what is she?
Das. She is my Lady *Mammon*, yet I lye,
She is not mine, I would she were your Worships,
I know you will be mad, but it must out,
My Ladies gone.
Tra. Ha?
Das. Run quite away Sir,
With a glib Gentleman came to visit her,
And the young spirit that did wait upon her.
Without much ceremony, she would have your Worship
Provide more locks, and keys, and bars, and bolts.
I tell you Sir, Verbatim, for a need
I have it all in pedescript.
Tra. Mammon gone?
Das. What think you Sir, of a *ne Exeat Regnum?*
Tra. Gone? my vexation? no pursuit will reach her,
Give her the start, and she'll out-strip the Devil.
These things will turn me wild, but that's no cure,
I must be a man agen, and tame this passion,
Her loss may have recompence, if *Honoria*

Can yet be gain'd, my hopes are full of bloſſom,
I'll return inſtantly, come you along Sir.

Enter Men carrying burthens of Money.

What are theſe? ha? 'tis money, whence I pray
Comes all this Treaſure?

1. From the City Sir.

Tra. But whether goes it?

1. Do you not obſerve
Us march in rank and file, this money goes
To maintain many honeſt Gentlemen
That want it, that will fight, and do fine things
For all our goods; you are a fool I ſee,
And do not know the Law.

Tra. What Law?

1. Club Law.

Tra. How's that?

1. The Cannon Law, do I ſpeak loud enough?
The Gentlemen behinde will tell you more.

Enter Fulbank and Citizens, other men waiting with Bags of money.

Tra. I like not this; let us to horſe immediately.
Exit.

Ful. 'Tis high time, that we tame the inſolence,
Of this long Robe, theſe Princes of the Law
Will invade all our Liberties and Fortunes.

1. *Cit.* Preſume to take our Lady *Mammon* from us?

Ful. And as I hear, ſhe's cloſely hurried

To

To a Caſtle in the Countrey, made a Priſoner.

2. *Cit.* I ſhould conſent the City be ſtill great,
And our names ſpread, like our ambitions,
But we not prudently conſider, whom
We truſt with our revenge---

Ful. Our Mercenaries,
Who findes 'em buff, and iron, and when they
Come lame and halting home, who ſhall provide 'em
Good Hoſpitals, and old ſhirts to make lint on?
When we pleaſe, we can ſcatter all the Regiments,
If we but rein our purſes.

1. *Cit.* I am clear
There is no other way to carry on
The work, the ſword ſtrikes Terrour, and who knows,
The body of the Law being vaſt, and powerful,
Might (if not timely thus prevented) raiſe
Conſiderable ſtrength and oppoſition.
But thus we ſtifle all, and having once
Recovered *Mammon*, we are Princes.

Omnes, Princes!

Enter Colonel, and Captain Squanderbag:

Squ. Where ſhall we dine Colonel? I ha loſt
My credit at the Ordinary, this Town
I think is onely ſcituate to ſtarve in.
What are theſe?

Col. They have City faces.

Squa. And are a thought too handſome to be Serjeants,
They have ſerious eyes upon us, and move to us.

Col.

Col. Would you with me Gentlemen?
Ful. Yes Sir, with you.
2 *Cit.* May I take boldneſs Sir, to ask your name?
Squa. My name?
2 *Cit.* For no harm Sir, you are a Souldier,
And I preſume have had commands.
Squa. What then Sir, keep off.
2 *Cit.* I come in friendſhip, and mean all
Civilities to your perſon: De'e want money?
Squ. Would you have your pate broke?
For ſuch a fooliſh queſtion to a Gentleman?
I do want money Sir, you wo'not furniſh me.
2 *Cit.* Do not miſtake your ſelf, come hither firrah,
VVill this do you much harm?
Squ, Harm! pray be covered. Miracles! De'e know
VVhat you have done?
2 *Cit.* An act of Juſtice,
To call it Charity, would ſtain your honour,
I look for no ſecurity.
Squa. Not a note under my hand never to pay you,
VVhat muſt I do for all this Sir? whoſe throat
VVould you have cut now? theſe fine Devils
Muſt do ſomething.
2 *Cit.* Buy you new cloathes, a better ſword,
The Leather of your boots are of two families,
You may want linnen too, get freſh, and part
VVith boſom friends.
Squa. I have more ſtowage.
2 *Cit.* And I'll employ it, at your ſervice Sir,
He gives him another bag.

Squa.

Squa. VVhat will become of me?
2 *Cit.* Nay Sir, I muſt tell you,
Y'are like to have more of this.
Squa. Has he no cloven foot?
This is the rareſt Citizen!

Enter Colonel, Fulbank.

2 *Cit.* De'e hear Sir?
VVe are making of our VVill, and in the humour
That now predominates, that Gentleman
May be the Cities heir.
Squa. VVere it not pity this ſhould be a dream now?
Ful. You have commiſſion, and full inſtructions,
Be ſure you do not pinch to ſpare our purſes,
Our Money grows, we are fain to weed the ſilver,
Our men are rank, and rot upon the ſtalk
For want of cutting, every drum-ſtick is
A Lime-twig, they are mad for innovations,
Pray know my brother Sir.

Salute

Col. I am his faithful ſervant.
2 *Cit.* One of the Birds, that keep the Capitol,
Our feathers are all at your ſervice Gentlemen,
VVhen you have pluck'd and pick'd us well, you may
Give order for our roaſting, we are tame Sir.
Squa. Beſhrew me an underſtanding fellow.
Ful. VVe have no more to ſay, 'tis the Publique cauſe,
Bring *Mammon* home, and we will rout the Laws.

1 *Cit.*

1 *Cit.* And so we'll pray for you.

Col. For your selves Gentlemen, I do conceive
VVe shall do well enough.

Exeunt F. & Ci.

Captain *Squanderbag*,
VVhat think you of this change? silver comes in
Upon us like a Sea.

Squa. An ebb must be expected, I hate naturally
This mettal of the Moon, 'tis a pale flood,
VVould I were in *Pactolus* streams, or *Tagus*,
There were a lasting Element.

Col. VVhat do you
Think of these Golden Images?

Squa. I honour the bright sons of *Sol*.

Col. Pity these Gentlemen should want Civil VVar,
They take such pains, and pay so heartily,
VVe have much to do o'th sudden.

Squa. This long peace
Hath made us tame i'th world, let e'm now pay 'fort.

Col. VVe are emergent from our shades, let's rise,
VVith subtil motion, treasure makes men wise.

Exeunt.

Enter Phantasm, Maslin, Contrey-men.

Phan. She has gull'd the Lawyer too.

Mas. Most excellent,
I do adore her wit, and will she visit
The Countrey, ha? come neerer,

Phan. I have repented Sir, my past neglect?

And

And made this satisfaction by my Counsel,
VVhich has prevail'd, and now she comes to you Sir,
VVith pure affection to your self, the Lady *Mammon* is onely yours.

Mas. Did you hear that?
The Empress of the world is coming hither
To me, with pure affection to my person,
We are her Vassals.

Phan. 'Cause the times are dangerous
Sir, she comes private, but one Gentleman
That knows not her design, I ever thought
You were born to be a great man.

Mas. We'll go forth to meet her.

Phan. By no means Sir, 'twas her desire,
You should be onely thus prepar'd, I'll tell her.
Exit. Phan.

Mas. 'Tis my happiness,
Shall I be at last a *Dominus fac totum?*
There's Latin for you Neighbours, I am inspir'd
With Languages, with all things, and you shall,
The pooreſt Copiholder of my Tenants
Be allow'd a Concubine.

1. Whaw! then we shall
Be Turks Sir.

Mas. Turks? the Turks a Civil Gentleman.

2. But no Christiam.

Mas. Ye'e are a fool, we
Must all come to't if the times hold, and my
Deer *Mammon* stay with us.

1. Bless me a Turk!

4. Is that such a matter; why you, and I,
And the best on us, are but Turks, if you

Tak

Take us one way.

1. I grant, as we are brethren, and
Turks, another way, and worſe----

Maſ. Let me ſee, how ſhall I conſume my wealth?

1. VVhat think you of building Sir a Church?

Maſ. A Church? and give it my own name to ſave
A Conſecration, No, no, I muſt do
Something to ſhame the Chronicles---ſilence,
I'll build another Town in every County,
In midſt of that, a moſt magnificent Colledge,
To entertain men of moſt eminent wit,
To invent new Religions.

1. That were excellent, we want Religion extreamly.

Maſ. Can none of you invent? I think I muſt
Keep men in penſion to project me ways
To ſpend my gold.

2. Pave all the high-way with't,
'Twould be excellent for Travellers.

Maſ. I'll pave a ſtreet, that ſhall run croſs the Iſland,
From Sea to Sea, with Pearl build a bridge
From *Dover* Cliff to *Callis*.

1. A Draw-bridge?

4. This may be done, but I am of opinion
VVe ſhan'ot live to ſee't.

Maſ. 'Twon'ot be want of money, but of time;
Meer time, to finiſh it; my Lady *Mammon*,
Believe it, can do all things; for your parts,
But think what you would have, I ſay no more:
If ſhe ſmile but upon you, you are made,

And

And may go sleep, and when you wake, run mad
With telling of your money----ha? 'tis she.

Enter Mammon, Alamode and Phantasm.

I Charge you kneel, and kiss her hand,
My Lady *Mammon*!
Ala. How's this?
Mas. Welcome to my heart, Madam.
Al. Is my Lady in earnest?
Mam. You have done me Sir a favour, I'm at home,
And disingage your further service; I
Wish you a fair retreat.
Ala. Do you hear Madam?
You will not thus reward me, after all
My travel and attendance?
Mam. 'Tis my meaning,
Nor will it Sir, be safe to lose much time,
These have a natural antipathy
To men of your fine making.
Phan. 'Tis *Alamode* the Courtier,
Whom my Lady has onely made her property,
To be part of her convoy.
Ala. You wo'not marry him?
Mam. I think I sha'll not,
I must not be confin'd, while there is ayr,
And men to change.
Mas. How Master Courtier?
Phan. They'l toss him in a blanket.
Mas. As long as you please Madam, he's welcome,

And

And he ſhall eat, if you frown, he muſt vaniſh,
Or I have Canibals that will devour him;
VVith his ſword, boots treble tann'd, and ſpurs upon 'em.

Ala. Sure I dream, but Madam
You wo'not play the Cockatrice thus wo'me.

Mam. If you will ſtay, upon your good behaviour;
I may diſpenſe ſome private favour——

Ala. Good, excellent VVhore, I'll ſtay to obſerve her humor.

Maſ. I'll be your guide Madam,
On, go before, and bid 'm ring the bells,
For bonefires, 'twill be time enough at night
To burn up all the Villages about us.

Ala. Indeed it ſhall be yours: Sir, you are too civil.

Exeunt.

Enter Travers, and Daſh the Clark.

Tra. Intreat my Lady hither, and attend her,
I did embrace too much, *Mammon* is loſt,
If my ſtars proſper my ambition
To *Honoria*, I forgive their future influence.

A Diſcovery of Treaſures and Jewels.

Here is a blaze to melt a frozen ſoul.

Enter

Enter Honoria.

Hon. VVhat is my Jaylors pleaſure with his Priſoner?

Tra. That character doth wound your ſervant, Madam,
I am your Priſoner, by the fate of Love,
Condemnd to everlaſting chains, my heart
Conſumes at every frown, and I beg now
Not to be happy owner of that beauty,
Since you decree my Exile, but to dye,
Collect up ſo much terrour in a look,
And from that Throne of Majeſtie, your eyes,
Dart forth a flame of wrath ſo high, it may
Turn me to aſhes, I'll ſubmit your Sacrifice.

Hon. I have no thoughts ſo impious, to deſtroy
A life that may be happy, if you be not
Your own Tormenter.

Tra. Thoſe words have a ſound of mercy, Madam.

Hon. Cruelty and honour
Are inconſiſtent.

Tra. I taſte Heaven,
Already, a warm ſtream deſcends upon
My timorous heart; Oh pauſe, let me conſider
How much I am behinde in worth, to know
VVhat change hath bleſt it.

Hon. Change?

Tra. Let me but touch
Your white hand, were my breath the Treaſure
Of all the Eaſt, no other Altar ſhould

Have Incenſe, I am loſt to finde the ſweetneſs.
Salutes her.
For every ſmile I drop a Pearl, theſe Diamonds
Are pale, and beg a luſtre from your Eyes,
VVear them, and be their ornament: I'll rifle
My Indies for more wealth, and when I have,
With giving up my ſoul, purchas'd a kiſs
Of bright *Honoria*, from my duſt at one,
One pittying look upon me, I aſcend
A new Creation from your Eye.

Hon. What means
This rapture? what would all this paſſionate noiſe?
Expound, I am ſtill *Honoria*.

Tra. Oh ſay but mine.

Hon. Sir, ſhut up your ſhop,
Your gay temptations wo'not take.

Tra. Is't poſſible?
Not all this treaſure buy one kiſs?

Hon. A thouſand,
From thoſe that have a ſubtil art to ſell them:
Why do you trifle with your ſoul? Intents
That carry honour, need not bribe with wealth
To purchaſe nothing.

Tra. I can love you vertuouſly.

Hon. By that love be commanded then, to tell me
How have you diſpos'd of *Alworths* duſt, why was I
Surpris'd diſhonourably, and tranſported
Againſt my own thoughts and conſent, to this
Unhappy place? and immur'd up like
Some guilty perſon, not allow'd the freedom
Of ayr, nor to ſee heaven at all, but from

The

The narrow limits of a Cazement? can you
Interpret this affection? 'tis tyrannie,
That must without a penitence, draw from heaven
A justice, and from me (by you made miserable)
A just contempt of all your flatteries.

Tra. There are some men i'th world, that would not think
You handsom in that look, and make you tremble.

Hon. You dare not be so impious.

Tra. When my love,
That courts you honourably is scorn'd, I can
Be angry, had I wanton thoughts about me,
As some may mix with flesh and blood, you are
Within my power.

Hon. That power is circumscrib'd,
You have confin'd already this poor weight
Of Dust I carry, but if blacker thoughts
Tempt you to force my honour, I can call
Rescue from heaven.

Tra. What needs this bravery? you see I use
No violence, I court you to a Bride.

Hon. My vows once gave me up a pledge to *Alworth*,
And my heart cut out for his Epitaph,
Will not contain one Character beside.

Tra. I play my self to death in flames unpitied,
Resolve, nor look for tedious considerings;
If I may honourably succeed your *Alworth*,
His soul had not a purer faith to serve you,
If this be slighted----

Enter Dash the Clark.

Das. Help, help, we are all undone, O Sir, where is
Your two handed sword?
Tra. Thou Messenger of Horror, what's the matter?
Das. The Castle is besieg'd, and the Beacons burns blue Sir.
The Devil's up in Arms, and comes against us
With the whole *posse comitatus*! they
Will pull the house down they have broke into
The base Court, Heaven protect my *Pia mater.*
I did but peep out of the Garrat, and
One Souldier swore a huge Granado at me.
They cry down with the Laws, and if they have not
Honoria sound of wind and limb, they'll cut us,
Sir, into Labels. Would I had compounded
For any leg, or my left arm; but now,
Now farewel comely Court-hand, and long Dashes,
Do you not hear the Mandrakes? what do you do Sir?
I'll into the Cellar straight, and bar the door,
And if there be no remedy, e're they reach me,
I'll drink, and dye a Martyr.
Tra. I am blasted! stay,
There is a close contrivement in this Chamber,
Madam, will you retreat, and save your person?
This way sirrah.

Exeunt.

Dash.

Daſh. De'e think they will not ſmell us out? I fear
My conſtitution wo'not hold.

Souldiers within.

Down with the Laws *& cuſtos Rotulorum*,
Fico for Writs and Mous-Traps.

Enter Officers, General, and Fulbank.

Off. Make a guard Souldiers.
Ful. I am come Sir, to ſee faſhions.
Col. You finde us drudging Sir, in your affairs,
Captain, I leave him to your entertainment,
That face deſerves a reverence.
Hon. 'Tis the Colonel,
But he looks more compos'd, and carries ſtate.
Col. Madam.
Ful. And how go things, my Military friends?
My gallant men of action? you are now
In ſprightly poſtures, and become your ſelves,
What pitty 'tis, men of your noble ſoul
Should want employment.
Squa. We muſt all acknowledge
Your care of us.
Ful. I honour'd your profeſſion,
Since I firſt handled Arms.
Squa. What ſervice, with your favour, have you ſeen?
Ful. Hot ſervice, I was knock'd down thrice, and loſt
My beard at taking of a Fort in *Finsbury*,
And when I had my Marſhal trinkets on,

I thought my ſelf as brave a *Macedonian*
As the beſt on e'm. But where's the Lady *Mammon*?

Col. Surprized? and ever ſince a Priſoner?
He is not worth my paſſion, this room
Has in your preſence a protection.
I take your word, you wo'not quit the place
Without your ſervants knowledge, Madam, but
If the ſlie Enemy of your honour, think
By obſcuring his baſe head, to fly our Juſtice,
When you are ſafe, I'll fire the houſe upon him.

Daſ. Here, here we are, fire, fire.

Tra. Be ſilent Villain.

Daſ. Yes, and be burnt alive, I cannot finde the door.

Col. From whence that voice?

Daſ. 'Tis here, 'tis here, I hate burning, as I do the Devil, and a dry Proverb, help.

Squa. The Lawyers here.

Tra. Gentlemen uſe no violence, I'll come forth
And meet your fury.

Cap. What are you ſirrah?

Daſ. A poor Court-hand practiſer.

Cap. The choice is given, whether thou wilt be hang'd
At the next tree, or have your ears cut off?

Daſ. My ears, my ears by any means Gentlemen,
Hanging will make a villainous long Daſh.
Once crop'd, and twice a Traytor, ſweet Gentlemen,
Delicate Commanders.

Tra. Time has brought

Your

Your turn about, by your reſpects to honour,
I ſee your ſoul is noble; though I cannot
Dye at my own choice, I can make a will,
And diſpoſe ſome Legacies, rich Jewels, Sir,
Plate, Gold, and Silver.

Ful. All this I lay claim to,
They were the Lady *Mammons*, in whoſe right
I challenge all, I take thoſe to my cuſtodie.

Col. How? How? Marſhal take him to yours.

Ful. Me to the Marſhal? that were pretty, me?

Mar. Come Sir.---

Ful. How? I beſeech one word, have you forgot me Sir?

Col. Your name is *Fulbank*.

Ful. Plain *Fulbank*? it was I,
Did in thoſe days bring in the good advance.

Col. You did, your duty Marſhall---

Ful. I ha done Sir,

Col. So have not I, ſecure his perſon too,
Safe, as your life will anſwer it.

Enter one with a Letter.

Letters, whence? ha?
From *Alamode*?

He reads.

Alworth Discovers himself to Honoria, Squanderbag observes them.

He writes where a party of horse may handsomely
Secure the Lady *Mammon*, give him a reward,
Make it your province Captain, you will finde
Directions in that paper. *Whispers.*

Squa. Sir, I have observ'd
That Gentleman with the black-patch uncase
His eye once to my Lady, there's some mysterie,
I do not like it.

Col. Some spie: when I walk off, command him to the
Guard till further order.
Madam, I call it my first happiness,
That I am in a capacity to serve you,
And you shall order your own justice.

Hon. What will they do with that young Gentleman?

Col. She mindes not me.

Hon. Your pardon.

Col. Give me favour to attend you,
With whom my soul desires to be renew'd,
Your faithful honourer, march on.

Ex. Co. &c.

Alw. I obey you.

Squa. You will know the cause hereafter, and us better,

VVhen

When both your eyes are open.

Pulls of the Patch.

Cap. Thou haſt cur'd him: de'e know us Sir?
Alw. I know ye all.
Squa. What are we?
Alw. You're all cloſe fires, in want of aire kept tame,
But know no bounds, let looſe into a flame.
Squa. We'll teach you better Morals Sir, Come on.

Exeunt omnes.

ACT

ACT. V.

Enter Squanderbag and a Captain.

Cap. HIs thoughts are all now taken up with Courtſhip
To *Honoria*.
Squa. You may ſee Captain,
A handſome piece of fleſh and blood may do much,
VVhen there's no other enemy i'th the field.
Cap. VVhat will be done with the Gentleman was carried
To the guard?
Squa. The ſtranger with a black Eye?
He's faſt enough, and will have opportunity
Of place and time, to cool his hot devotions,
If our Commander in chief march on thus.

Enter Serjeant and Souldiers.

Ser. Are not theſe pretty hand Granados, Gentlemen?
1 *Sol.* Fire to the fuze, and toſs ſome health about.
2 *So.* Come away, to my Colonel, honeſt *Squanderbag*.
Squa. Ha? theſe are my Scythians, mark thoſe fellows Captain,
Cut 'em in pieces like ſo many Adders,
The y'l joyn agen, i'th compaſs of an acre,
Their limbs will creep together, and march on
To the next Rendevouz without a halt.
2 *Ser.* This is Spaniſh.

Squa.

Ler. Draw home your arrow to the head, my Centaure.

1. *So.* Mine is French Wine.

5 *So.* You must take your chance,
The Yeoman of the wine-seller did not
Provide 'em for our palate.

2 *So.* *Supernaculam*!
See, there lies *Spain* already, now would I fight----

Ser. Drink thou mean'st:

2 *Sol.* VVith any King in *Europe*.
Do not spill your Amunition; ah Serjeant,
This was excellent Drink.

1 *So.* VVho wants my Colonel?

2. *So.* I want it, tope, give me't.

Ser. He'l ha't agen?

2 *So.* The to'ther charge, and then we'll over-run
Christendom, Sa, sa:
When y'ave done with Christendome, what shall
Become o'th Heathen Princes?

2 *So.* We'll put the Heathen Princes in a bag.

Ser. A bottle thou meanest, he's all for drink.

2 *So*, And after, roast the Great Turk with his
Bashaws,
Like a pudding in's belly.

Squa. Thou Boy!

Ser. There he is for eating.

Ser. Dost know what thou hast said now? but
What shall be done with the Jews?

2 *Sol.* They are included,
And go upon the score of Modern Christians,
There sha'not a Nation scape us.

Squa. These are the men,
The tools, that cut our Triumph out o'th quarry.

Cap.

Cap. They will deſerve their pay.

Squa. Oh pay is neceſſary, uſe it now and then,
Like Phiſick, it keeps the Souldier in health
And expectation, they muſt fight for honour
Some-times.

1 *So.* Tobacco, hey?

Ser. Here boys, a Magazine, with pipes attending,
VVhite as my Ladies tooth, and ſhining more
Then forehead of *Dulcinea de Toboſo*.

4 *So.* A Souldier's a brave life.

3 *So.* 'Tis cheap, all theſe things come to us by nature.

Ser. Our Colonel.

Squa. I'll caſhier him that riſes, keep your poſtures,
We are all Souldiers, and can ſit and drink we'e,
To your Arms Gentlemen agen, ha? this is wine.

Ser, We have the modeſt gift of drinking, Sir,
Without inquiry of the Grape or Vintage,
Or from what Merchant.

Squa. Is not this better than a tedious Prentiſhip,
Bound by Indentures to a ſhop and drudgerie,
Watching the Rats, and Cuſtomers by Owl light?
Ti'd to perpetual language of, What lack ye?
Which you pronounce, as ye had been taught like Sterlings.
If any Gudgin bite to damn your ſouls
For leſs than ſixpence in the pound. Oh baſe!
Your glittering ſhoes, long graces, and ſhort meals,
Expecting but the comfortable hour
Of eight a clock, and the hot Pippin-pies,
To make your mouth up? all the day not ſuffered

To

To aire your ſelves, unleſs your minikin Miſtreſs
Command you to attend her to a Chriſtning,
To bring home plums, for which they may relieve
Your teeth that water, with her next ſuppoſitorie.
You have ſome Feſtivals, I confeſs, but when
They happen, you run wilde to the next Village,
Conſpire a knot, and club your groats apiece
For Cream and Prunes, not daring to be drunk,
Nothing of honour done, now y'are Gentlemen,
And in a capacitie to be all Commanders, if you dare fight,

2 *S.* Fight? you know we dare, Sir,
And with the Devil.

2 *Squa.* In hope you wo'not give him quarter,
There's money, do not purchaſe Earth, nor Heaven with it.
I muſt away, remember the two things.

1 *So.* The two Dees.

Squa. Drink, and your *Duty*, ſo,
Now as you were----

2 *So.* Noble Colonel,

Exit.

Let me kiſs thy hand, I am thine body and ſoul.

3 *So.* But will you fight with the Devil?

2 *So.* Why not?

3 *So.* So will not I.

2 *So.* Wo'not you fight with the Devil, and one of
Our Regimen?

3 *So.* Not I?

1 *So.* Perhaps the Devil is his friend.

3 *So.* And yet in a good cauſe---

2 *So.* He wo'not fight with you then, baſe, I ſay,

To

To take advantage of the cauſe, or perſon:
Fight upon any cauſe with any perſon.
Heark you Serjeant, you do know our Duties
Better than we our ſelves, what do we fight for!
Silence the firſt word of Command, let us
Be ſerious, what, what do we fight for?

Ser. For pay, for pay, my Bull-rooks.

2 *So.* La'ye now,
Can any Chriſtian Officer ſay more?

Ser. Hang theſe Intergatories,
And give us to'her charge to'th man i'th Moon.

2 *So.* All, all give fire together, Oh for a noiſe
Of Trumpets.

Drums beat.

1 *So.* Here are Drums.

Ser. The General is coming this way, to your Arms
Skud ye Metropolites.

Enter Colonel, Squanderbag, Captain and Alamode.

Ala. Sir, I congratulate your honourable Employment.

Col. And I your noble preſence here.

Ala. I could not with my Rhetorick invite
My Ladie hither?

Col. I ſent you a party--

Ala. Yes Sir,
Your men of rank and file do carry ſtill

The

The ſtrong perſwaſions, they prevail'd with her.
I left her to the Guard.

A ſhout.

Col. The reaſon of that Clamor?
Cap. The Souldiers, Sir, expreſs their joy thus loud,
That Ladie *Mammon* is brought in, the Guard
Hardly ſecure her perſon.
Col. Give her fair acceſs,
On pain of death, be none uncivil to her,
This ſervice will deſerve a memory,
And publique thanks, all our deſign did reach
But to gain her.
Ala. The work will be to keep her,
The Gipſie has more windings than a Serpent,
The Moon is not more changing.

Enter Mammon, Phantaſm, Guard.

Col. Is this ſhe?
Phan. Madam, I'll take my leave.
Mam. Forſake me in this
Condition?
Phan. If I could expect a worſe
Would fall upon you, Madam, I'd not part yet.
Mam. How?
Phan. For I can tell you, what will follow inſtantly,
And it does pleaſe my wickedneſs extreamly,
The next pay-day you will be torn in pieces,

Oh

Oh 'twill be excellent ſport, ha, ha, ha.

Mam. And canſt thou laugh Villain? Secure him Souldiers.

Phan. They will have work enough about your Ladiſhip.

I am going as nimbly as a ſpirit, Madam,
And to your greater comfort, know I am one.

Mam. The Devil thou art.

Phan. Call'd by another name,
Your evil Genius, to aſſure you that
You have been all this while cozened, my dear Miſtreſs,
And that theſe colours are phantaſtick, ſee,
I vaniſh into aire.

Guard. Preſto, was this your Devil, Madam?

Mam. Oh my misfortune!

Col. Madam, your perſon is moſt welcome hither.

Mam. I fear your Souldiers, Sir,

Col. You may be confident
Of ſafety from them, Madam, that fight for you,
We are your guard, all wait upon my Ladie,
And let your applications be with reverence,
And ſee her entertainments high, and ſuch
As may become my honour, and her perſon.

Exit.

What is there left addition to my happineſs?
Mammon and *Honoria* both within my power?
Ambition write *non ultra*, fix, fix here,
The two great darlings of mankinde are mine,
Both Excellent, and yet but one Divine.
Wealth is the nerves of VVar and VVit, without which

VVe

VVe are dull, and uſeleſs engines, *Mammon* leads
To Conqueſt, and rewards our blood and watches,
But honour is the luſtre of all Triumph,
The Glories that we wear are dim without her,
Till ſhe come in, the Lamp, our glorious flame,
VVe grope our way i'th dark, and walk on crutches.
Riches may ſhine, and Star-like grace the night,
But Honour is the radiant ſoul of light.

Exit.

Alworth in Priſon.

Alw. I almoſt could be angry with my fate,
And call that care of my Phiſitian
Unkinde, that did remove my firſt diſtempers;
I ſhould have drop'd into the ſhades, and loſt
Her memory, that flatters me to ruine.
VVhat's all this murmure? are theſe thoughts my own?
Or is there ſome black ſpirit crept into
My melancholy blood, that would corrupt
That ſpring, by which my innocence ſhould live?
Hence, I command thee hence, thou dire Inchantment,
And let the vertues of *Honoria*
Reſume their throne within my ſoul, and ſtrike
Religious tremblings through every thought,
Leſt I repine at Providence? She is here.

Enter Honoria, and Marſhal.

Mar. This warrant muſt admit you.
Hon. There's for your Office, you may withdraw your ſelf.
Mar. Your ſervant.

Exit.

Hon. Oh my *Alworth?*
Alw. This humility
Tranſcends my hope and merit, I am now
No more a Priſoner, ſince my better part
(Enlarg'd by this your charitable viſit)
Hath freedom to behold my greateſt happineſs,
Your ſelf.
Hon. I am ſo full of joy
To ſee thee alive, I cannot ask thee, how
Thou wert preſerv'd.
Alw. Heaven was not willing I
Should die, till I had given you better proof
How much I would deſerve your ſmile upon me.

Enter Colonel and Marſhal.

Mar. Here you may, undiſcovered, Sir, obſerve 'em.
Col. You may be gone, and wait at ſome fit diſtance.
Alw. My cure was haſtned by your thoughts upon me,
And my deſires had wings to reach your perſon,

(For

(For I was soon acquainted how you were
Convey'd) and next my thoughts to kiss your hands,
I brought my resolutions of revenge
Upon that Traitors head, that ravish'd ye
So rudelie from my eies.
Hon. Prethee no more,
But let our hearts renew, and seal a contract
In spight of present storms; and I am not
Without some hopes to change thy sad condition,
For he, to whose commands thou owest this misery;
Is pleas'd to say he loves me, and I can
Employ his kindeness to no better use
Then thy Enlargement; if this prove unfortunate,
It shall at least diminish thy affliction,
That I can bear a part, and suffer with thee.
Alw. Better I sink by many deaths, then you
Engage your self to any unkinde Fate
For me; I have crept newly from my dust,
And can alone walk cheerfully to silence
And the dark grave: But do you believe, Madam,
This man looks on you with a noble flame?
He's now a great man.
Hon. His affection
Has all the shews of honour, and such high
Civilities flow from him.
Alw. Pause a little,
And give me leave to tell you, as these seeds
Of VVar grow up, I cannot think a person
(Though many may be honourable) can
Better Deserve---
Hon. VVhat?

Alw. To be made Lord of this
Fair Empire.

Hon. Did this language come from *Alworth*?
That ſaid he lov'd me?

Alw. Yes, with nobleſt fervor,
My love commands it Madam, and I can
In my true ſervice to *Honoria*,
Adviſe her to call home her noble beams,
Thar ſhine to the diſcredit of her light
On me, that would upon a worthier object
Draw up more admiration to her brightneſs,
And at the ſame time, by their influence ſhew
The beauties of her better choice.

Hon. This language
I underſtand not yet; can *Alworth* then
Finde in his heart any conſent, to give up
His intereſt in *Honoria* to another?

Alw. Yes, when *Honoria* is concern'd to meet
A greater happineſs than *Alworth*, I
Can make my ſelf an Exile, which is but
The juſtice of my love to her great merit.
I am a trifle Madam, a thing meant
Beneath your ſmile, a very walking ſhadow,
And time will come, when you have ſhew'd me all
The bounties of your grace, nay ſeal'd them mine,
By the moſt holy character of marriage,
Yet then I muſt forſake you, when my nerves
Shrink up, when the weak flowings of my blood
Cool in their channel, and tame Nature leaves me
A ſpoil to death---

Hon.

Hon. VVhy do you talk of death,
So far off?
Alw. Though we do not hear him tread,
Yet every minute he approaches, Madam;
And give me leave to tell you, without flattering
My ſelf, I am in danger; firſt a Priſoner,
A ſpie they may pretend, but this will vaniſh.
It is the title of your ſervant, Madam,
Is both my honour, and my crime, nor can I
VVave my relation to your favours: this
Known to the man, under whoſe power we ſtand,
His angrie breath may doom me to the ſcaffold,
And I muſt then reſign, nor will the act
Be mine, but a conſtraint, and I then loſe
The glorie that may now be mine, to engage
Him in your ſmiles, you in his love.
Hon. VVhen will this dream be over?
Alw. As for me,
It ſhall be enough at diſtance to look on you
VVith thoughts as innocent as your own, and if
For the convenience of both our perſons,
One Earth muſt not contain us, do not think
That I can wander, where I ſhall forget
To tell the ſtranger world your ſtorie, Madam;
And when I have made all mankinde, where I come,
Bow to your name, and taught 'em to repeat it
In all their dangers, and their frights, to cure them,
I will ſeek out ſome aire, that is infectious,
VVhere no birds dare inhabit, or man build
A cottage to repoſe his wearied head,
And there I propheſie, by the vertuous charm

Of

Of your bleſt name, to purge it, and as ſoon
As the great miracle is ſpread, to invite
The beſt of every Nation to live there,
And own you Tutelar Angel.

Hon. Fie, no more,
Alworth now dreams indeed, but he more vainlie
Perſwades me to forget my vows to him:
Is this a fear to die, or ſomething like it?
For I would give it fain ſome other name.

Alw. A fear to die, that arrow ſtrikes too deep,
If you but think ſo, and wounds more, than all
The horror my deſtruction can appear in.
If I can entertain the thoughts of life
Without you, how much eaſier muſt it be
To die for your concernment? I ha' not liv'd
After the rate to fear another world.
We come from nothing into life, a time
We meaſure with a ſhort breath, and that often
Made tedious too, with our own cares that fill it,
Which like ſo many Atomes in a Sun-beam,
But crowd and juſtle one another. All,
From the adored Purple to the Hair-cloth,
Muſt center in a ſhade, and they that have
Their vertues to wait on 'm, bravely mock
The rugged ſtorms, that ſo much fright 'em here,
When their ſouls lanch by death into a ſea
That's ever calm.

Hon. This deſerves my attention,
And you in this ſmall lecture *Alworth*, have
Made me in love with death, who for thy ſake
Can with my innocence about me, take
More ſatisfaction to bleed away
My life, than keep it, with the ſmalleſt ſtain

Upon

Upon my honour. This I ſpeak, not to
Court up your drooping thoughts to me, if I
Be faln, or have loſt my firſt eſteem—
Alw. Oh pardon, t'other ſyllable of this deſtroys me;
What is there, can but make me worthy of
Your faith? I am all, ever thine? The Colonel.

Enter Colonel.

Col. Expect a cloud to darken all your triumphs!

Exit.

Hon. His threats move me as little, as his love,
Yet for thy ſake I can be ſad.
Alw. And I
But onely mourn for you.

Enter Colonel with a Piſtol, and Travers.

He is return'd,
And with him the firſt poiſoner of our peace;
What horrour next?
Col. Your happineſs is now
Within your reach, kill but that fellow, and
Poſſeſs her by my gift, the act once done
By my command ſecures thee.
Hon. He ſhall make
His paſſage to thee through my heart.

Tra. I thank you
For your great promiſe and employment, Sir,
But take your tool agen,
Col. Did you not love her?
Tra. Yes infinitely, but ſcorn your Hangmans Office:
I have done too much alreadie; but if Madam,
The memorie of my baſe ſurprize have not
VVeig'd me down paſt all fathom of your mercy,
I can ask you forgiveneſs in my heart,
And ſuffer all his Tyrannie, to expiate
My black offence to you, and to that Gentleman.
Col. Are you ſo reſolute?
Tra. VVere I aſſur'd
There were no puniſhment to attend this murder
Here, nor hereafter, could ſhe pardon this
Bloodie aſſaſſination, and *Alworth*
Forgive me, when his ſoul is gliding through
The purple ſtream, and mounting up to fill
Some happie ſtar, would ſhe herſelf conſent
To be the great reward of the black deed,
I ſhould abhor the Parricide.
Col. Is't ſo? expect my next return.

Exit.

Alw. Sir, you have ſhewn a penitence would ſtrike
A marble through, and this return to pietie,
Hath chang'd our anger into Admiration.
Hon. Sir, we have now no thoughts, but what are fil'd,
With a deſire you call us to your friendſhip;

Live

Live happie, and adorn by your example
Of juſtice, the moſt honoured robe you wear.

Enter Colonel, Alamode, Fulbank, Squanderbag and Mammon.

Col. Nay ye ſhall witneſs all my reſolution;
Your hand, deer Madam, *Alworth* take from me
Thy own *Honoria*, it were impious
To keep you a minute longer in your fears,
Your loves deſerve my admiration, not
My anger, and I cheerfully reſign
All my ambitions, live you happie both;
As I am in this conqueſt of my ſelf:
I lov'd *Honoria* well, but juſtice better.
But *Madam*, though you muſt be *Alworths* Bride,
Yet give me leave to call you Miſtreſs, I
Can be your ſervant ſtill, and by your influence
Upon me, ſteer my actions, and keep
My paſſions in as much obedience,
As any Souldier I command, and *Alworth*
Be you ſo juſt, to tell the world that takes
Delight to ſnarl, and catch at every errour
In our profeſſion: I am no enemy
To Arts, but can take pleaſure to reward
Learning, with all due honour, be your ſelf
The example.

Alw. You are perfect
In all that's noble, and it were a ſin
Not to proclaim it.

Tra. Sir, This act will crown
Your name for ever.

Col.

Col. Make your peace with *Honoria*,

Hon. 'Tis done, and we owe all we can call happy
To your justice, Sir. *to Mammon.*

Col. Madam, you look upon us through some cloud,
None should be worn this day, and here are some
Did wear the title of your servant, *Fulbank*---

Ful. Oh you are trulie noble, I ever honoured my
Ladie.

Col. Travers, Alamode,

Squa. Please you to name me in the list, I can
Be as much a servant to this Ladie, as
The best of these.

Col. Stand forth, and plead your merits.

Mam. I excuse them,
Your pardon Sir, I think the best in all the
File unworthie of me.

Col. Plain truth, Gentlemen.

Mam. I could give reasons, but I have no humor
To spoil some reputations in publique.

Ala. I told you what a Gypsie 'twas.

Mam. Some may
Traduce my fame, and charge me with a levity
And frequent change, but I have been less constant,
Because I found no man had wit enough
To manage me, or worth enough to invite
The stay of my affections. I acknowledge

When I was ſwaid by an evil genius,
Which now has left me. I ſee alreadie
A nobler path, and till I finde a man
Knows how to love, and govern me with temperance,
I lay my ſelf an humble ſervant at
Honoria's feet; your pardon to my paſt
Neglects, will make me cheerfull to attend you.

Col. Nay, ſince y'are come to be my fellow-ſervant,
If you pleaſe, Madam, we may approach neerer;
What think you of me, ſhall I preſent my ſelf
A ſervant to your favour?

Mam. Sir, you are pleaſant.

Col. I ſhall be ſo, if you accept my ſervice;
Though I am a Souldier, I can love, and do
All duties may become your worth and honour.

Mam. I bluſh to ſay how much I am unworthie,
But I ſhall meet you honourably.

Col. A match, ſeal it.

Salute.

Ful. He has don't it compendiouſly; But Sir, you know——

Col. Yes, I know very well what you would ſay,
But this fair Lady's mine, and I'll deſerve her:
Wealth has alreadie made you mad, we have been
Out of the Sun a great while, I invite
You all my gueſts to day, and Ladie *Mammon*:

Of your bleſt name, to purge it, and as ſoon
As the great miracle is ſpread, to invite
The beſt of every Nation to live here,
And own you Tutelar Angel.

Hon. Fie, no more,
Alworth now dreams indeed, but he more vainlie
Perſwades me to forget my vows to him:
Is this a fear to die, or ſomething like it?
For I would give it fain ſome other name.

Alw. A fear to die, that arrow ſtrikes too deep,
If you but think ſo, and wounds more, than all
The horror my deſtruction can appear in.
If I can entertain the thoughts of life
Without you, how much eaſier muſt it be
To die for your concernment? I ha' not liv'd
After the rate to fear another world.
VVe come from nothing into life, a time
VVe meaſure with a ſhort breath, and that often
Made tedious too, with our own cares that fill it,
VVhich like ſo many Atomes in a Sun-beam,
But crowd and juſtle one another. All,
From the adored Purple to the Hair-cloth,
Muſt center in a ſhade, and they that have
Their vertues to wait on 'm, bravely mock
The rugged ſtorms, that ſo much fright 'em here,
VVhen their ſouls lanch by death into a ſea
That's ever calm.

Hon. This deſerves my attention,
And you in this ſmall lecture *Alworth*, have
Made me in love with death, who for thy ſake
Can with my innocence about me, take
More ſatisfaction to bleed away
My life, than keep it, with the ſmalleſt ſtain

Upon

Upon my honour. This I ſpeak, not to
Court up your drooping thoughts to me, if I
Be faln, or have loſt my firſt eſteem---
Alw. Oh pardon, t'other ſyllable of this deſtroys me;
VVhat is there, can but make me worthy of
Your faith? I am all, ever thine? The Colonel.

Enter Colonel.

Col. Expect a cloud to darken all your triumphs!

Exit.

Hon. His threats move me as little, as his love,
Yet for thy ſake I can be ſad.
Alw. And I
But onely mourn for you.

Enter Colonel with a Piſtol, and Travers.

He is return'd,
And with him the firſt poiſoner of our peace;
VVhat horrour next?
Col. Your happineſs is now
VVithin your reach, kill but that fellow, and
Poſſeſs her by my gift, the act once done
By my command ſecures thee.
Hon. He ſhall make
His paſſage to thee through my heart.

Tra. I thank you
For your great promiſe and employment, Sir,
But take your tool agen,
Col. Did you not love her?
Tra. Yes infinitely, but ſcorn your Hangmans Office:
I have done too much already; but if Madam,
The memorie of my baſe ſurprize have not
VVeig'd me down paſt all fathom of your mercy,
I can ask you forgiveneſs in my heart,
And ſuffer all his Tyrannie, to expiate
My black offence to you, and to that Gentleman.
Col. Are you ſo reſolute?
Tra. VVere I aſſur'd
There were no puniſhment to attend this murder
Here, nor hereafter, could ſhe pardon this
Bloodie aſſaſſination, and *Alworth*
Forgive me, when his ſoul is gliding through
The purple ſtream, and mounting up to fill
Some happie ſtar, would ſhe herſelf conſent
To be the great reward of the black deed,
I ſhould abhor the Parricide.
Col. Is't ſo? expect my next return.

Exit.

Alw. Sir, you have ſhewn a penitence would ſtrike
A marble through, and this return to pietie,
Hath chang'd our anger into Admiration.
Hon. Sir, we have now no thoughrs, but what are fil'd,
With a deſire you call us to your friendſhip;

Live

Live happie, and adorn by your example
Of juſtice, the moſt honoured robe you wear.

Enter Colonel, Alamode, Fulbank, Squanderbag and Mammon.

Col. Nay ye ſhall witneſs all my reſolution;
Your hand, deer Madam, *Alworth* take from me
Thy own *Honoria*, it were impious
To keep you a minute longer in your fears,
Your loves deſerve my admiration, not
My anger, and I cheerfully reſign
All my ambitions, live you happie both;
As I am in this conqueſt of my ſelf:
I lov'd *Honoria* well, but juſtice better.
But *Madam*, though you muſt be *Alworths* Bride,
Yet give me leave to call you Miſtreſs, I
Can be your ſervant ſtill, and by your influence
Upon me, ſteer my actions, and keep
My paſſions in as much obedience,
As any Souldier I command, and *Alworth*
Be you ſo juſt, to tell the world that takes
Delight to ſnarl, and catch at every errour
In our profeſſion: I am no enemy
To Arts, but can take pleaſure to reward
Learning, with all due honour, be your ſelf
The example.

Alw. You are perfect
In all that's noble, and it were a ſin
Not to proclaim it.

Tra. Sir, This act will crown
Your name for ever.

Col.

Col. Make your peace with *Honoria*,

Hon. 'Tis done, and we owe all we can call happy
To your juſtice, Sir. *to Mammon.*

Col. Madam, you look upon us through ſome cloud,
None ſhould be worn this day, and here are ſome
Did wear the title of your ſervant. *Fulbank*---

Ful. Oh you are trulie noble, I ever honoured my Ladie.

Col. Travers, *Alamode*,

Squa. Pleaſe you to name me in the liſt, I can
Be as much a ſervant to this Ladie, as
The beſt of theſe.

Col. Stand forth, and plead your merits.

Mam. I excuſe them,
Your pardon Sir, I think the beſt in all the
File unworthie of me.

Col. Plain truth, Gentlemen.

Mam. I could give reaſons, but I have no humor
To ſpoil ſome reputations in publique.

Ala. I told you what a Gypſie 'twas.

Mam. Some may
Traduce my fame, and charge me with a levity
And frequent change, but I have been leſs conſtant,
Becauſe I found no man had wit enough
To manage me, or worth enough to invite
The ſtay of my affections. I acknowledge
The Citizen doth promiſe fair, but breaks:
Lawyers are cunning, but I love not ſnares:
The Courtier has no care of his own body;
The Countrey-man had no wit but in his acres:
And for you, Sir, your name is *Squanderbag*,
What would you do with *Mammon*, cannot keep her?
Beſide, theſe men had the bad luck to court me
When

When I was ſwaid by an evil genius,
Which now has left me. I ſee alreadie
A nobler path, and till I finde a man
Knows how to love, and govern me with temperance,
I lay my ſelf an humble ſervant at
Honoria's feet; your pardon to my paſt
Neglects, will make me cheerfull to attend you.

Col. Nay, ſince y'are come to be my fellow-ſervant,
If you pleaſe, Madam, we may approach neerer;
What think you of me, ſhall I preſent my ſelf
A ſervant to your favour?

Mam. Sir, you are pleaſant.

Col. I ſhall be ſo, if you accept my ſervice;
Though I am a Souldier, I can love, and do
All duties may become your worth and honour.

Mam. I bluſh to ſay how much I am unworthie,
But I ſhall meet you honourably.

Col. A match, ſeal it.

Salute.

Ful. He has don't it compendiouſly; But Sir, you know----

Col. Yes, I know very well what you would ſay,
But this fair Lady's mine, and I'll deſerve her:
Wealth has alreadie made you mad, we have been
Out of the Sun a great while, I invite
You all my gueſts to day, and Ladie *Mammons*,
Do me that honour.

Ful. There is no remedie.

Enter Maſlin ſtrip'd.

Ala. 'Tis well you ſcap'd with loſs of *Mammon*.

Col. What anti-Maſquers this?

Mam.

Mam. 'Tis Mr. *Maſlin*.

Cap. This fellow wod not bend, and ſo they broke him.

Maſ. You look like the Commander in chief
Of this *Militia*.

Col. What then?

Maſ. I have a ſuit to you.

Col. A ſuit? methinks y'are naked.

Maſ. I know not, but on my knees I beg their pardon
That made me ſo, they plunder'd me ſo quaintly,
They are the nimbleſt *Hocus Pocus*'s
That e're threw dice for hemp.

Col. I am glad they fitted you.

Maſ. No Sir, it was the Tailor fitted me.

Col. So, and they unfitted you.

Maſ. But with what art, how moſt compendiouſly
They made me an Adamite, Sir---

Col. Let's hear your wonder.

Maſ. One ill look'd fellow did but ſwear an oath,
And my hat flew up with the very wind of it,
And fell upon a head, that ſtood bare for it
Full three yards off:
Another did but ſquint upon my legs,
And my boots vaniſh'd with the ſpurs upon 'em;
Cloak, doublet, jerkin, all convenient broad cloth,
Three pile of wool, went from me at one motion;
No bars nor buttons could prevail a minute,
They broke into my bodie with that nimble

Bur-

Burglarie; I was undone e're I could wink:
But when my narrow ſhirt came o're my ſhoulders,
I thought't had been my skin, at every twitch
I roar'd, and gave my ſelf gone for a Rabbet
For the next Officers ſupper.
Col. In good time.
Maſ. But truth appear'd when I was ſtrip'd, their charitie
Left me my breeches, but the good old gold
Could not have leave to bear 'em companie,
That was defaulk'd miraculouſly by a Mirmidon
That had loſt both his hands---
Ala. Loſt both his hands,
How could he take your money?
Maſ. With his ſtumps, Sir,
He routed both my pockets with his ſtumps;
Oh the knack ſome men have to fetch out money.
Col. He is pleaſant, ſee his wardrobe be reſtord.
Maſ. Shall I be warm agen, Oh Madam---
Squa. Be not too ſawcie, ſhe is now exalted
Above your ſphere.
Ful. Oh Mr. *Maſlin*, we are all undone.
Maſ. So am I, they have not left me a ſhirt.
Col. All faults, where we have power this day, are pardon'd.
Ala. Happineſs crown your loves!
Col. Now to the Prieſt,
Whoſe work is onely wanting to confirm us:
Alworth, lead on your faireſt Bride, remember
We are both ſervants to *Honoria*.

Alw.

Alw. To ſhew I can obey you Sir, come Madam.

The Birth of Heaven, and the Earths Morning-ſtar,

Col. *Our life of Peace, and the true ſoul of War.*

Exeunt.

FINIS.

THE CONTENTION OF AJAX and ULYSSES, FOR THE ARMOR of *ACHILLES.*

AS

It was nobly repreſented by young Gentlemen of quality, at a private Entertainment of ſome perſons of Honour.

WRITTEN

By *JAMES SHIRLEY.*

LONDON,

Printed for *John Crook*, at the ſign of the ſhip in S. *Pauls* Church-yard.

The Speakers.

Ajax Telamon.
Ulyſſes.
Agamemnon.
Diomedes.
Menelaus.
Neſtor.
Calchas.
Therſander.
Polybrontes, a ſmall Souldier.
Lyſippus, *Didimus* } Pages.
Souldiers.
Attendants.

THE CONTENTION OF AJAX and ULYSSES FOR The ARMOUR of *ACHILLES*.

Didimus, Ulysses his Page, Lysippus, Ajax his Page.

Di.

Hy how now Insolence?

Lysippus justles Didimus.

Ly. You know me Sir?

Di. For one that wants good manners; yes, I know Your name, and best relation, you attend

A Page on *Ajax Telamon.*

Ly. And you

In such an office wait upon *Ulysses*,

But with this difference, that I am your better,

In reference to my Lord, as he exceeds
Your Master both in Fortitude and Honour:
Therefore I take this boldnesse to instruct
Your diminutive Worship in convenient duties,
And that hereafter when you see me pass,
You may descend, and vail, and know fit distance.

Dy. To you descend, and vail? to you? poor Rat!
Is he not poison'd, that he swells so strangely:
I would bestow this admonition, that
You talk within your limits, I may finde
A pity for your folly, while you make
Comparisons with me, but let your tongue
Preserve a modestie, and not dare to name
My Lord, without a reverence, and not
In the same week your Master is in mention,
Least I chastise you.

Ly. Ha, ha, prodigie!
The Monkey grins, the Pigmie would be Rampant:
Sirrah, 'tis I pronounce, if you have
A minde to lose one of your lugs, or quit
Some teeth that stick impertinent in your gums,
Or run the hazard of an eye, or have
Your hanches knit into a gentle cullice,
Or tell your Master in whose cause you have
Deserv'd a cudgelling, and merited
A crutch to carry home your broken bodie;
Talk on, and when it is too late, you may
Repent your impudence.

Dy. Mightie man of Gingerbread!
Is not your name *Lysippus*? what mad Dog
Has bit thee; thou art wilde, hast lost thy senses?

Ly.

Ly. You'l finde, I have not.
Di. Is all this in earneſt?
And haſt thou ſo much ignorance, to think
That lump of fleſh, thy Maſter (a thing meant
By nature for a flail, and bang the ſheafs)
Is fit to be in competition
With the wiſe Prince of *Ithaca?* whoſe name
Shines like a Conſtellation throughout *Greece,*
And is lookt at with admiration
By friends and enemies? for ſhame retract
Thy groſs opinion, it is poſſible
Thou maiſt retrive thy loſt wits,
Ly. Verie well
Then, you do think my little ſpawn of Policie,
That your ſlie Maſter, the oyl-tongu'd *Ulyſſes,*
Will win the prize to day, *Achilles* Armour;
And that the Kinglie Judges, and grave Counſel
Will give it againſt *Ajax.*
Di. In true wiſdom,
As to the beſt deſerver.

They fight.

Ly. Dandiprat.

Enter Calchas.

Cal. Remove your ſelves, and pettie differences,
This place is meant the ſcene for a contention

Between the valiant *Ajax Telamon*,
And the far fam'd *Ulysses*, who shall best
Merit to wear the great *Achilles* Arms:
Methinks I see Heavens mightie windows open,
And those great souls, whom noble actions here
Translated to take place among the Stars:
Look down, and listen with much expectation
Of this daies glorie. The rough winds (least they
Should interrupt the plea of these Competitors)
Stand close committed in their horrid caves,
And *Phabus* drest in all his brightest beams,
Curbs in his Steeds to stay, to wait upon
The great Decision.
Silence, no noise prophane this place, and may
The soul of wisdom be at this great Council.

Enter Officers one after another, bearing the Pieces of Achilles Armour, after them in state, Agamemnon, Nestor, Menelaus, Diomedes, Thersander, &c.

Aga. I need not, Grecian Princes, spend much time
Or Language, in discousing the occasion
Why this great Council hath been call'd; *Achilles*,
Whose very name will be enough to fill
The breath of fame, is here agen concern'd,
Nor can his honour'd ashes be without
Contention in his sacred Urn, until
The difference between these great Competitors
Be reconciled.

Cap.

Cap. They both, great *Agamemnon*, are prepar'd,
And cheerful, as when Honour call'd them forth
To fight, impatient of delay, or danger.
Ag. Attend them hither,
Dio. Let the Officers
Take care the Souldiers press not past their limit.

Enter before Ajax, his Page, bearing his Target.

Ajax appears, with lightning in his eyes,
His big heart seems to boil with rage.
M. He was ever passionate:
Here comes *Ulysses.*

Enter Ulysses, with his Page, as before, he makes obeysance, and sets down in a Chair.

A man of other temper, and as far
From being transported with unhandsome anger,
He seems to smile.
Ag. They have both deserv'd
For their great service in this expedition,
We should with calm, and most impartial souls
Hear and determine; therefore, if you please,
Because the hours are precious, I shall
Desire them lose no time.
Dio. We all submit, and shall obey your prudence.

Ag.

Ag. You honour much:
Your *Agamemnon*---Princes then to you,
I hope you have brought hither, with your perſons,
Nothing but what your honours may conſent too;
Speak your ſelves freely then, theſe are your Judges,
Who are not onely great in birth and titles,
And therefore bring no thoughts to ſtain their honour,
But bound by obligation of one Countrey,
Will love, and do your name and valours juſtice.
There lies your great reward, *Achilles* Arms,
Forg'd by the ſubtile art of him, that fram'd
Joves Thunderbolts, pride of Cyclopian labours,
He that is meant by his kinde ſtars, to have
The happy wearing of them next, may write
Himſelf a Champion for the Gods, and Heaven,
Againſt a race of Gyants that would ſcale it:
I have ſaid, and we with ſilence now as deep
As that doth wait on midnight, and as fixt
As marble Images, expect your pleaſure.

Ajax riſes and looks about him.

Ajax. Great *Jove*, immure my heart, or girt it with
Some ribs of ſteel, leſt it break through this fleſh,
And with a flame contracted from juſt fury,
Set fire on all the world: How am I faln?
How ſhrunk to nothing? my fame raviſh'd from me?
That

That this fly talking Prince is made my Rival
In great *Achilles* Armour: Is it day?
And can a Cloud darker than night, so muffle
Your eyes, they cannot reach the Promontory,
Beneath which now the *Grecian* fleet rides safe,
Which I so late rescued from *Trojan* flames,
When *Hector* frightful, like a Globe of fire,
By his example taught the enraged youth
To brandish lightning; but I cannot talk,
Nor knows he how to fight, unless 'ith dark
With shadows. I confess, his eloquence
And tongue are mighty, but *Pelides* sword
And armour were not made things to be talk'd on,
But worn and us'd, and when you shall determine
My juster claim, it will be fame enough
For him, to boast, he strove with *Ajax Telamon*.
And lost the prize, due onely to my merit.
Ly. Now *Didimus*, how goes *Ulysses* pulse?
Run to his Tent, and fetch him some strong waters.
Did. This storm shakes not a leafe, it had been more
Honour for *Ajax Telamon* to have hir'd
A Trumpeter, than make this noise himself.
Ag. Silence.
The Duke proceeds.
Aja. I am asham'd
And blush, that I can plead so vast a merit:
Why am I not less honourable? a cheaper
Portion of worth, weighed in the ballance, with

This

This Rival, would ſo croud, and fill my ſcale,
His vertues, like a thin and trembling vapour,
Would loſe themſelves i'th ayr, or ſtick a Comet
Upon Heavens face, from whence the matter ſpent,
It would fall down, the ſport, and ſcorn of Children,
Allow me then leſs valiant, pinch all
The Laurels from my brow, that elſe would grow there,
The honour of my birth and blood muſt lift me
Above the Competition with *Ulyſſes*;
My Father was Duke *Telamon*, a name
Fatal to *Troy*, companion to *Alcides*,
Whom in the expedition to *Colchos*,
Argo was proud to bear: his father *Æacus*,
Who for his exemplary juſtice here,
Was by Eternal Patent from the Gods,
Made Judge of ſouls; him *Jupiter* begot
On fair *Egina*, from whoſe womb, I write
My ſelf a third from *Jove*: But let not this
Entitle me to great *Achilles* arms,
Without my intereſt in his blood: Our fathers
Grew from one royal ſtem, I am his Kinſman,
And I demand in this, but juſt inheritance.
In what relation of blood can then
Ulyſſes, of a ſtrange and forfeit race,
Equal in fraud to his Progenitor,
Condemn'd to labour at the reſtleſs ſtone,
Lay claim to *Achilles* Arms?

Cal. What, aſleep *Therſander*?

Ther. No, no, I obſerve every word, *Ulyſſes* has

Said

Said very well, he was ever a good Orator.
Cal. You are miſtaken, Sir, 'tis *Ajax* pleads,
Ulyſſes has not ſpoke one word.
Th. Waſt *Ajax*?
I cry you mercy, it was very handſome,
And to the purpoſe in my opinion,
Who ever ſaid it.
Ag. I intreat your ſilence.
The. With all my heart.
Aja. It is wonder Princes,
That this *Dulichyan* King dare bring his face
Before a Sun-beam, and expoſe that brand
Of infamie, the name of Coward, writ
In Leprous Characters upon his brow,
To the worlds eye.
Ul. How *Telamon*?
Aja. Ulyſſes,
'Tis I, that ſaid it, and theſe Kings may all
Remember, when moſt wretchedly, to ſave
Thoſe tender limbs of yours, and that warp'd face,
When *Greece* riſe up, one man to puniſh *Troy*,
Thou cowardly didſt counterfeit a madneſs,
Till *Palamedes* pull'd that vizor off.
Was *Ajax Telamon* at that ſordid poſture?
Nay, was not I the firſt in field, and eager
To engage my perſon in theſe Wars of *Troy*?
(Witneſs thou ſacred Genius of our Countrey)
As a curl'd youth could fly to meet a Miſtris,
And print his fervour on her amorous lip:
But for his valour ſince, let *Neſtor* ſpeak;
That good old man made not his age excuſe,
Nor his white hairs, that like a Grove of ſnow,

Shew'd

Shew'd what a Winter dwelt upon his head,
But flung himself on War, when in the heat
Of Battel, over-charg'd with multitudes,
And his horse wounded, he espi'd *Ulysses*,
To whom in this distress, he call'd for succour,
When he (unworthy of his name and honours)
Left the old man to struggle with his dangers,
To whom the Gods sent ayd. But here's the justice,
He that dishonourably forsook his friend,
Met with an enemy, that made him call
As loud for his relief; I heard that clamour,
And with my sword cut out my passage to thee,
When thou wert quaking at the enemies feet,
And ready to exhale thy panting soul,
I interposed, bestrid thy coward body,
And took thy many deaths upon my Target:
I *Ajax* brought thee off (my least of honours)
And saved thy wretched life.

Dio. This *Ajax* did,
But being done, the honour's over paid,
When he that did the act is Commentator.

Aja. If thou couldst call again that time *Ulysses*,
The wounds upon thee, and thy fears of death,
When thou didst skulk behinde my shield, and tremble
At every lightning of a sword, thy soul
Would have a less ambition to contest
For great *Pelides* Arms.

Me. Ajax will carry it.

Aga. It will
Become our prudence to expect, what may
Be said in answer to this accusation;

I have heard an Orator, with that ſubtile method
Of art and language, ſtate his Clients cauſe,
And with ſuch captivating arguments
Prevail'd on every ear, it was concluded,
All law muſt be in favour of that intereſt,
But when the adverſe part was heard, that which
Appear'd ſo ſacred in the firſt relation,
Vaniſh'd, and 'twas the wonder of all men,
By what ſtrange magick they were ſo deceiv'd:
I ſpeak not this in prejudice of him
That pleads, whom we all know a man made up
Of every maſculine vertue, but to ſtay
(Where two of ſo much honor are concern'd)
Precipitate, and partial votes of merit:
Ajax Has more to ſay.

Aja. I know not how, with ſafety of mine own,
I ſhould direct your judgements to conſider,
That after all this ſtory of my ſelf,
I do not ſeek theſe arms, nor court the glory
To wear em, for 'tis juſtice to pronounce
They ſeek me, *Ajax*, and ſhould prompt you to
Believe, I onely worthily can wear 'em.
What hath *Ulyſſes* done, he ſhould be nam'd
With *Telamon*; we have his Chronicle,
He ſurpriz'd *Rheſus* in his Tent, a great
And goodly act, nay, had the heart to kill him;
He ſnatch'd a ſpy up, *Dolon*, and diſpatcht him
To the other world, a moſt heroick ſervice!
And had the confidence to filch from *Troy*,
The dead *Palladium*, memorable actions:
Fought he with *Hector*? did he ſtand immov'd

As

As I, when I receiv'd upon my cask,
A mighty Javelin that he darted at me?
When you, pale with the wonder of my strength,
Forsook your prayers, and gave me from the Gods
Into my own protection, and at last
I was not overcome, but in the face
Of both the Armies, sent this mighty Champion
Staggering home to *Troy*.

Nes. 'Twas a fierce battel,
And *Ajax* lost no honour.

Aja. Had I done
But this alone, it might be argument
To prefer *Ajax Telamon* before
Ulysses to that armour; which I'm thinking
How he'l become, or how he dare sustain 'em,
Their very weight will crack his chine, that Burgonet
Will bring his neck in danger of a cramp,
In pitty of his fears, discharge his hope
Of so much steel, he has the art of running,
'Twill much retard his motion: Are you yet
Considering as doubtful to distinguish us?
Some God convey those arms upon the wings
Of a swift wind into the enemies camp,
Guard 'em with all the strength and soul of *Troy*,
Let every sword mount death upon the point,
And leave us to our single fate, who soonest
Should fetch 'em off: Then you should tell your selves,
How much this Carpet Prince came short of *Ajax*,
I had rather fight than talk: Now here him tattle.

Soul. An *Ajax*, an *Ajax*.

Ulys.

Ulyſ. If my prayers, with your own, renovvned Kings,
Could have prevail'd with Heaven, there had been no
Contention for theſe arms, he might have liv'd
To have enjoy'd them ſtill, and we *Achilles.*
But ſince by the unkindeneſs of our fate,
We are decreed to want him (pardon me
If at that word, unmanly tears break forth)
Who can vvith greater merit claim the armour,
Than he whoſe piety to *Greece* and you,
Engag'd alone his valour to theſe Wars,
And made him yours. Nor let it be a ſin
Ere I proceed, to pray this juſtice from you,
That ſince my adverſary hath been pleas'd
To make a vertue my reproach, and ſtain
The name of Eloquence, vvhich in me, is not vvorth
Your envy, or his rage (ſince he declares
His incapacity for more than fighting)
You will not judge his dulneſs an advantage,
Or that which he calls eloquence in me,
A blemiſh to my cauſe, vvho have employ'd
All that the Gods made mine, to ſerve my Country.

Dio. Therſander,
Are you not aſham'd to ſleep?

Ther. Ha? no, I ſleep?
I have not ſcap'd a ſyllable by my honour,
I thought not *Ajax* half ſo good an Orator.

Dio. Ajax? it was *Ulyſſes* that ſpoke laſt.

Ther. Ulyſſes? I, I meant *Ulyſſes*; did I ſay *Ajax?*

Between you and I be it ſpoken *Diomedes*,
Ajax is a blockhead.
Dio. Yet he ſpoke to purpoſe.
Ther. I grant you that; nay, nay, let him alone.
Aga. Silence.
Ulyſ. The luſtre of our birth by *Ajax* boaſted,
Which we derive not from our act, or vertue,
We vainly call our own, nature contributes
A common gloſs to all our blood, the honours
And ſwelling titles, pinn'd upon our name,
Chance often ſtamps upon a Fool or Coward:
But if provok'd by *Ajax*, I muſt yield
Him magnified by blood; that title which
He takes from *Jove*, makes me his Grandchilde too,
Laertes was my father, his *Arceſius*,
Whom *Jupiter* begot, no difference here,
But that our Family contain'd no Uncle
Baniſh'd for murther, as in *Telamons*.
Beſides, my mother but remembred, makes
My derivation on both ſides Divine,
Which lifts me above *Ajax*, if I were
No King of *Ithaca*: but he hath pleaded
A neerer priviledge by being Kinſman,
And calls theſe arms his juſt inheritance,
Your wviſdom could not chuſe but ſmile to hear him,
Perſeus his ſon is yet alive, and *Peleus*,
Achilles father, *Teucer* his next Coſin;
And *Ajax* to be heir, is worth your wonder;
But you know how to wvave impertinence
Of blood or kindred in this cauſe, nor ſhall

I need to pray your juſtice, that vve both
May onely charge the ballance vvith our merits.
Dio. This is not ranting, he is Maſter of
A vvorthy temper.
Ag. Give him your permiſſions.
Ulyſ. *Ajax* hath read, not vvithout mighty lungs,
His own bold Hiſtorie, when I ſhall tell
But my firſt act for *Troy*, if it be leſs
Than all that *Ajax* yet hath done, or boaſted,
And with his own conſent too, I quit all:
I have rais'd your expectations up to wonder,
And there I'll fix it, when I name *Achilles*,
Whoſe actions for your ſervice, ſcorning all
Equality, are owing to *Ulyſſes*;
And I may call them mine, that made him yours,
By his ſword fell the great *Priamides*
Hector, whoſe ſingle arm carried the ſtrength
And fate of *Ilium*: The death alone
Of *Hector*, is an act, if well conſider'd,
Doth eaſily exceed, what hath been done
In all your Grecian Commentaries: I arm'd
Achilles firſt to do theſe mighty things,
And for thoſe may deſerve *Achilles* armour.
Dio. VVe muſt acknowledge all the benefits
Of great *Achilles* valour are a debt
VVe owe to *Ulyſſes*, who diſcovered him
Under a Female habit, 'twas *Ulyſſes*
That made him man again, and our great Champion.
Me. All this is granted, yet I think *Ulyſſes*
Loſt little blood in any of theſe ſervices;
VVhat do you think *Therſander*?

Ther. I think as the General thinks, he's wise enough.

Ulyſ. But give me leave to offer to your memory
Another ſervice, and reduce your thoughts
To *Aulis*, when our Army ſhip'd, and big
VVith our deſires for *Troy*, for want of wind
VVere lock'd in the *Eubean* Bay at *Anchor*.
VVhen the Oracle conſulted, gave no hope
Of the leaſt breath of Heaven, or gentle gale
To be expected, till *Diana*'s anger
VVere firſt appeas'd by *Iphigenias* blood;
I melt with the remembrance, and I could
Accuſe my faith, but that the publique intereſt
And all your honours, arm'd me to perſwade
Nature, againſt the ſtream of her own happineſs,
There ſtands the tear----drown'd father *Agamemnon*,
Ask his vex'd ſoul (and let me beg his pardon)
How I did work upon his murmuring heart,
Divided 'twixt a Father and his Countrey,
To give his childe up to the bleeding altar?
VVhoſe drops (too precious to enrich the earth,
The Goddeſs hid within a cloud) drank up,
And ſnatcht her ſoul; whoſe brighter ſubſtance made
One of the faireſt Stars that deck yon Canopie.
Had *Ajax* been employed to have wrought *Atrides*
VVhen he vvas angry vvith the Gods, to have given
His onely pledge, his loved *Iphigenia*

Up

Up to the Fatal knife, our Grecian fleet,
Had by this time been rotten in the Bay,
And vve by a diſhonourable return,
Been vvounded in our fames to after ages.
Ag. This truth is urg'd too home.
Ul. The Deity appeas'd with Virgin Sacrifice,
The winds put on freſh wings, and we arriv'd
Swift as our vviſhes to affrighted *Troy*;
VVhere after their firſt battel, they no more
Drevv forth their Army, vvhich engag'd us to
Nine horrid VVinters expectation:
It vvould be tedious to relate, hovv active
My counſels vvere, during this nine years ſiege,
VVhen *Ajax* (onely good at knocks and vvreſtling)
VVas of no uſe, the bold deſigns I carried,
My care of our defences and approaches,
Encouraging the Souldier, vvearied
And vvorn avvay vvith empty expectations,
Hovv I did apt proviſions, arms, and hearts
To fight vvithal, I ſhall not here inforce,
VVhen you vvhoſe juſt commands I ſtill obey'd,
Are conſcious of my pious undertakings.
Aja. He'l talk eternally.
Ul. Theſe actions have deſerv'd no brand of Covvard,
Hovv it may ſtain his forehead that accus'd me,
Judge you, by the ſhort followving ſtory, Princes:
There vvas a time, vvhen *Agamemnon* vvas
Deluded by a dream, and bid to leave
The ſiege, vvhich coming to the Souldiers ear,
(VVhoſe fears vvere helpt by ſuperſtition)
Hovv did they run to'th ſhips from every quarter:

VVhere

VVhere vvas the torrent of great *Ajax* valour
So talk'd of, that did bear all things before it?
VVhy, it vvas here, that torrent carried him too:
I savv and bluſh'd at *Ajax* preparation
To be aboard, (I will not call it running)
Hovv did I, careleſs of all danger, throvv
My ſelf among the Mutineers, and court
The Fugitives to face about agen,
And build themſelves a name, and wealth in *Troy*,
Given over by the Gods to be their captive?
What acted *Telamon*, but unworthy fears,
And rather coward them by his retreat,
Than teach them honour by his own exampſe.

Aja. Can *Jove* hear this? ha!

Ag. Look to *Ajax*.

Neſ. Contain your ſelf.

Aja. Let me fight him here,
Or you are all confederates in my infamy.

Neſ. For my ſake.

Aja. I am patient---

Ul. Nor am I without wounds, and crimſon characters,
Which as her ornament, my boſom carries,
Greater than *Telamon* can boaſt, although
He fought with *Hector*, which was but his Fortune,
And might have been the lot of *Agamemnon*,
Of *Menelaus*, *Diomed*, my ſelf,
And others, who had equally engag'd,
And onely chance preferr'd him to the combate:
But let me not be thought to take from *Ajax*
His juſt reward of fortitude, I grant

He

He did repreſs the fury of the *Trojans*,
When they came arm'd in fires againſt our Navy,
But 'twas nor ſingle valour, that repulſt
The numerous enemy. *Patroclus* had
The armour of *Achilles* on that day,
VVhich ſtruck a terrour in the *Phrygian* courages,
And many Princes ſwords contributed,
Mine was not idle, and I merit ſome
Proportion of fame for that days victory;
But if it come with murmuring, defer it,
And make it up in your accounts of honour
Due, for the great *Palladium*, which I fetch'd
(Aſſiſted by the valiant *Diomedes*)
Out of the heart of *Troy*, ſpight of the Groves
Of Spears, that grew a bright defence about it,
And Swords, whoſe every motion darted lightning
To guard the fatal Image; in this act
I gave you *Troy*, till this was raviſh'd from 'em,
It was not in your fate to make a conqueſt,
Ajax and all the Army might have fought
Againſt the Moon, with as much hope of Victory.

Dio. This muſt be granted him a ſignal ſervice,
I can atteſt the danger of this action.

Ul. I bluſh, I am compell'd to mention theſe,
But where my honour is traduc'd, 'tis juſt
To make my faireſt vindication:
The wealth of *Greece* ſhould not have brib'd me to

This

This Conteſtation ; but *Achilles* armour
VVould ſtrike ambitious thoughts into a Hermite,
Nor will my limbes much tremble to ſuſtaine 'em
I had the honour at his death, to carry
His body with all that weight of arms upon it,
And plac'd him in his Tent, although I want
Some bulk of *Ajax*, I can walk, and fight,
And tell him where he fails, and mark him out
A truer path to Glory, than his ſtrength
Is able to perſue, with no more brains
To guide him, than his empty pannier carries :
Wiſemen joyn policy with force, the Lyon
Thus with the Fox, makes up the Souldiers emblem.
And now I look on *Ajax Telamon*,
I may compare him to ſome ſpecious building,
His body holds vaſt rooms of entertainment,
And lower parts maintain the Offices,
Onely the Garret, his exalted head,
Uſeleſs for wiſe receipt, is fill'd with lumber.
A Maſtiff dares attempt to combate Lyons,
And I'll finde men among your Mercenaries
Shall fly on Hydra's, if you name that valour :
But he, that we call valiant indeed,
Knows how, and when to fight, as well as bleed.

A great ſhout within.

Sol. Ulyſſes, Ulyſſes.

Aga.

Ag. Pleaſe you withdraw your perſons for ſome minutes,

Aja. Is't come to this.

Ul. I obey.

Aja. I ſcorn to court
Such ſtaggering opinions, and repent
That I once thought you fit to be my Judges.

Ex.

Ther. For my part, with pardon of the Generall,
My voyce ſhall be to pleaſe them both.

Ag. Impoſſible.

Ther. Divide the armour, and compoſe the difference;
Or give *Ulyſſes*, 'cauſe he has the better
Head-piece, *Achilles* Helmet; and to *Ajax*
Thoſe parts that guard the body.

Dio. I am for
Ulyſſes.

Ne. He ſhall have my vote.

Me. And mine.

Ag. Your judgements meet with *Agamemnons*,
Intreat the Prince of *Ithaca* return.

Enter

Enter Ulyſſes.

Aga. Sir I congratulate your fate, you have
With the concurrence of our votes, deſerv'd
To be the ſecond owner of theſe arms;
Which as the firſt reward of all your ſervice,
I in their names preſent: Nor are theſe Trophies
More than an earneſt, and a glimpſe, of thoſe
Eternal Monuments ſhall Crown your VViſdom;
VVhere's *Ajax Telamon?*

Off. Tranſported hence with fury.

Ulyſſ. You have honour'd your *Ulyſſes*, and I now
Muſt call theſe things my bleſſing, and your bounty.

Aga. Bear them in Triumph to his Tent, and ſay,
VViſdom, not down-right Valour wins the day;
Better is wiſe *Ulyſſes* in the field,
Than the great Maſter of the ſeven-fold Shield.

Exeunt.

Didimus,

Didimus, Lysippus.

Did. I think *Lysippus*, we may now be friends,
For though you had a minde to quarrel when
The victory was doubtful, I am not
The more exalted for my Masters triumph,
His wit is none of mine; I honour *Ajax*
In his own arms; for I have seen him do
Brave things.

Ly. Thy hand, I love thee *Didimus*,
And I will love *Ulysses* for thy sake too.

Did. But how does thy Lord *Ajax* take the business?

Ly. He's mad, and rails at heaven and earth, I dare not
Come neer him---Whose this, *Polybrontes*?

Enter Polybrontes.

Let us forget all differences. and make
Some sport with him----*Polybrontes*,
I am proud to see your military face.

Did. My Magazine of Valour, I do honour you,
From that exalted tuft upon your Skonce,
To the cold iron Star upon your heel, how is't?

Ly.

Ly. How is't my Low, and Mighty *Polybrontes*?

Pol. Tir'd out with killing of the Creatures Wilde Beasts, and Men, will come into my way;
Some, I look dead, others I take the pains
To cut or quarter, as they move my fury,
The hate of *Juno* is entail'd upon
Our generation I think.

Did. How, *Juno*? I pray what kin are you to *Hercules*?

Pol. I am his son, son to the *Theban Hercules*
That did the mighty Labours; we number twelve,
I have been told too, I am very like him;
There were fifty of us in one night begotten.

Did. You are not, Sir, so big bon'd as *Hercules* altogether.

Pol. Hang bones, and flesh, and blood,
It is the soul that's tall, a Gyants spirit.

Ly. Not in that body,
A soul can hardly stand upright in't.

Pol. 'Tis the more dangerous, being confin'd, and must
Break out like lightning.

Did. What's that upon your hat?

Pol. My case of Tooth-picks.

Ly. How, 'tis a Lyons paw.

Pol. A Legacy my father left me, part
Of that *Nemean* Lyon, that he kill'd,
Whose skin he us'd to wear, which since these Wars

I turn'd into a Knapſack, and it carries
A charm againſt all venemous Beaſts, come near it,
Did. Vermine he means:
VVhat kinde of belt is this?
Pol. This was a Serpent, which at *Aulis* was
Obſerv'd to climbe up to the Sparrows neſt,
VVhere having ſwallowed nine, *Calchas* preſag'd,
VVe ſhould be nine years at the ſiege of *Troy*,
And in the tenth be Conquerors, this I kill'd
VVith a Flint ſtone, as it came hiſſing toward me,
It had ten row of iron teeth.
Did. VVhere are they?
Pol. All beaten out with that ſtone I threw at her.
Did. Nothing ſcapes you then:
But good Sir favour us, to let us know
How many men have fallen by your ſword
During our ſiege, I knovv you keep a Catalogue.
Pol. Not of all,
I onely regiſter within my Diary,
The men of honour that I kill, the reſt
I leave to the common bills of Mortality.
Ly. The men of honour, I pray, Sir.
Pol. They riſe to---
Too in my roll.
Did. VVith your own hand?
Pol. Ten Princes, beſide two of *Priams* ſons,
Paris and *Hector*,

Ly.

Ly. *Paris* is alive.

Pol. Not that *Paris* I kill'd upon my honour.

Did. And all the Army knowes, *Achilles* with
His Mirmidons ſlew *Hector*.

Pol. From me tell *Achilles*
'Tis falſe.

Ly. He's dead too.

Pol. 'Tis well he is ſo, he that ſteals my fame,
Muſt not be long i'th number of the living.

Did. You are
The little wonder of the world, you had
Done your ſelf right, to have put in with *Ulyſſes*
And *Ajax*, for the armour.

Ly. Had he ſtood,
There had been no Competitor, *Ulyſſes*
Had this day miſt his triumph.

Pol. Had *Ulyſſes*
The armour then?

Enter *Ajax.*

Ly. Given by all Judges.

Pol. I believe
The man is ſo modeſt, 'at mention
Of me, would have recanted his ambition;
Do not I know *Ulyſſes*? yes, and *Ajax*.

Aja. Ha!

Pol. And all the ſwelling flies that blow the Army;
I'll tell that *Ajax*, when I ſee him next,
That I dare fight?

Aja. With whom Sir, dare you fight?

Pol. With any man that ſhall affront you, Sir,

Re-

Renowned *Ajax*, my ſoul falls to crums
That day, I do not honour your remembrance.
Ulyſſes is a Juggler, I do wonder
At's impudence, to ſtand in competition
VVith him, that is the man of men, brave *Telamon*:
Shall I carry him a challenge; prethee let me,
I long to thunder him.

Aja. Stay Weſel!

Pol. Or to *Agamemnon*, or the beſt of them.
VVould I were in my knapſack nibbling cheeſe now.

Aja. I ſay the word, be dead.

Ajax ſtrikes him.

Pol. My brains, my brains!
Ah my own ſweet brains; who wants any brains?

Aja, Art thou not dead?

Pol. Oh yes Sir, I am dead,
Give my Ghoſt leave to walk a little.

Aja. Come back, your name?

Pol. Ah, when I was alive, the Souldiers call'd me—

Aja. Agamemnon.

Pol. I ſhall be brain'd in earneſt!

Aja. VVhen thou haſt paſt the *Stygian* Lake, commend me
To *Eacus*, one of the Infernal Judges.

Pol. I will Sir, I am acquainted with his Clark.

Aja. And when I have made my revenge perfect,
I'll viſit him my ſelf.

Pol. I'll bring you an anſwer too.

Aja.

Aja. Do so.

Pol. I were best to make haste, Sir, *Charon* stays for me,
And I shall lose my tide.

Aja. Then vanish.

Pol. Presto.

Exit.

Aja. There's one dispatch'd, he's company for Ghosts,
I know whose fate is next, and then I leap
To immortality: what cloud is that
Descends so big with prodigy, my steel
Shall give the Monster birth, ha! 'tis *Ulysses*,
Come to affront me in *Achilles* armour:

Enter Calchas.

A thousand serpents creep within my skull:
I'll finde the Cowards soul through all this darkness,
Have at thee Polititian, dost thou bleed?
Now I have met we'e, thanks to my good sword,
I kiss thy cold lips, for this brave revenge,
Thou art my own, without competitor,
And must be my last refuge and companion.

Cal. Alas poor *Telamon*!—

Aja. VVho calls *Telamon?*

Cal. One you have known and lov'd; can you forget
Calchas so soon?

Aja. Our *Grecian* Propher, you are very welcome,
VVhat news from the upper VVorld? do they agree
In heaven? we are all to pieces.

Cal. I am trusted

VVith

VVith a direction to you, the ſacred powers
You ſerve----

Aja. Speak on, but let me tell you as a friend,
They have not us'd me kindely, but no matter,
I'll be my own revenger.

Cal. Sir, take heed
How you provoke their anger, or contemn
Their Precepts, for the partial acts of men,
They know, and pitty that a man ſo valiant,
Should for a trifle loſe his manly temper:
You are not, Sir, forgotten by the Gods
And I am ſent, their Prophet to acquaint you,
That what you loſt alive by humane Judges,
Their divine Juſtice ſhall reſtore with honour
To your calm duſt; for know, thoſe very arms
In which *Ulyſſes* triumphs now, ſhall be
Snatcht from him by a tempeſt, and ſhall land
A floating treaſure upon *Ajax* Tomb,
And by their ſtay convince the future age,
VVho beſt deſerv'd e'm; be not then unman'd,
And thus deface the beauties of your reaſon.

Aja. I thank 'em, they are pleas'd, when I am dead
To make a reſtitution to my fame,
And ſend me home the armour, this is ſomething,
I'll make my ſelf in a capacity
By death to be an object of their juſtice,
I'll dye immediately, I can do't my ſelf.

Cal. Your Piety avert ſo black a deed!
This is a way to make the world ſuſpect
The worth of all your former actions,
And that they were not births Legitimate,

Born from true honour, but the ſpurious iſſue
Of an ungided heat, or chance: How ſhall
We think, that man is truly valiant,
And fit to be engag'd in things of fright
And danger, that wants courage to ſuſtain
An injury? it ſhews a fear of others,
To be reveng'd upon our ſelves, and he
Is not ſo much a Coward that flies death,
As he that ſuffers, and doth fear to live:
Beſides, this will enlarge your enemies triumph,
And in the world opinions, be granted
A tame conceſſion to his worth; nay men,
And with much face of reaſon, may affirm,
Ulyſſes did not onely win the arms,
But conquered *Ajax*.

Aj. Therefore I will dye
With my own hand, and ſave that infamy;
I am reſolved, all fate ſhall not prevent it:
Leave me:

Cal. I muſt not.

Aja. I am not confin'd
To place, thy office yet is thy protection,
Do not preſume to follow, leſt my rage
Make me forget your perſon, and by ſad
Miſtake, I turn the Prieſt into a Sacrifice:
Go tell the world I am dead, and make it known,
That *Ajax* fell by no hand but his own.

Cal. This will turn all our Triumph into mourning,

Exeunt.

Calcha

Calchas before the body of Ajax, ſupported by ſix Princes, Agamemnon, Diomedes, Menelaus, Therſander, Neſtor, Ulyſſes, following the Hearſe, as going to the Temple.

Ca, *The glories of our blood and ſtate,*
are ſhadows, not ſubſtantial things,
There is no armour againſt fate,
Death lays his icy hand on Kings,
Scepter and Crown,
Muſt tumble down,
And in the duſt be equal made,
With the poor crooked ſithe and ſpade.

Some men with ſwords may reap the field,
and plant freſh laurels where they kill,
But their ſtrong nerves at laſt muſt yield,
They tame but one another ſtill;
Early or late,
They ſtoop to fate,
And muſt give up their murmuring breath,
When they pale Captives creep to death.

The Garlands wither on your brow,
Then boaſt no more your mighty deeds,
Upon Deaths purple Altar now,
See where the Victor-victim bleeds,
Your heads muſt come,
To the cold Tomb,
Onely the actions of the juſt
Smell ſweet, and bloſſom in their duſt.

[This was afterwards ſung in parts, the Muſick excellently compoſed by Mr. *Ed. Coleman.*]

Ag. Set forward to the Temple, this was once
A day of Triumph, but the death of *Ajax*
VVill make it dark within our Calendar;
Joys are obortive, or not born to last,
And our bright days are quickly overcast.

Exeunt.

FINIS.